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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The State Prisoner; a Romance. By Miss M. L. Boyle. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

LET there not be any imputation upon our critical gallantry, which all the world knows is of a most courteous and urbane character, if we acknowledge that it is not always with the most comfortable sensations we take up a lady's first book, especially if that lady be a very young one. On the contrary, that very feeling of apprehension is the strongest proof of our devotion to the fair authoress, as it springs solely from a fear that we may not find that within the pages which we can wisely praise. In general, a lady can know very little of the world from her own experience: still less if she be a very young lady; and still less if she be moving in a high rank of society. Those persons who, notwithstanding such obstacles, have displayed keen knowledge of the world (and several, we must acknowledge, have done so), must surely have derived it from intuition, which, perhaps, after all, is but another name for genius. But, to turn to the book before us: our alarm, in regard to it, had been in some degree mitigated, by having seen some previous productions of Miss Boyle—a tale or two which pleased us much, and some very graceful poetry. In the second place, though we had seen the book very much advertised, it did not appear to us to have been so much puffed and paraphrased as many others. It may have been so, for aught we know; but we did not remark it. To be unpuffed is always a good sign; and we cannot refrain from giving publishers a hint in regard to a system, or rather a disease, which, having abated for some time, is now upon the increase again, and bids fair to be as prevalent as the influenza lately has been. The disease is puffing; and booksellers may rest assured, that it is a very bad disease too. At all events, we are convinced that the public eyes are now opened to the matter, till they are round as the bull's eye on a target; and that a book that is not puffed is likely, from the very novelty of the thing, to attract more attention than a book that is. We do not mean to say, not to advertise the book. Fie upon it! that would never do; and far be it from us to advocate a system so detrimental to the revenue. Let them take every legitimate means of making the work known without having recourse to the imp of puffs, who is no very distant relation, if we may judge from his handywork, of the father of lies. We would almost venture to parody a very beautiful song, and say to them—

"Puff not! puff not! those you puff must fall:
Bad books, most puffed, can live but for an hour;
Time's mighty foot shall crush them, great and small;
No puff can puff them from his searching power.
Puff not! puff not!"

Puff not! puff not! puffing's all in vain;
Nor man nor book can live on puff's alone,
If truth and talent mix not with the strain;
The book wraps candles, and the puff is gone.
Puff not! puff not!"

Miss Boyle's book, however, is certainly not of that class which requires any thing but its own intrinsic merit to recommend it. If we entertained any apprehensions when we took it up, those apprehensions vanished before we got a quarter through the first volume, though that

volume is by no means the best; and, as we went on, any pleasurable expectations were infinitely more than realised. *The State Prisoner* is a work of very great talent; and, what is better still, it gives the promise of infinitely higher things hereafter: for every page, and every chapter, as we advance in it, we find the natural inexperience of a young author giving way before the exercise of her powers, and genius spreading her wings in longer and longer flights. We do not, by any means, say that the book is without its defects; for, though the interest is great throughout, and increases as we advance, and the scenes and incidents are highly dramatic, and full of talent; yet there are marks of inexperience in the conduct of the story, which shew the hand of youth. They are covered, however, by such rich poetical beauties, and invested with so much of the freshness of a fine mind, that we will not pause upon them further than to point out to the author, that although strict unities of any kind cannot be demanded in a romance, yet it is required, as far as possible, to avoid introducing any scene, personage, or dialogue, which does not tend to advance directly the progress of the story.

The more agreeable task of pointing out beauties is also a far easier one, in the present instance, where we can scarcely open a page without finding something to give us pleasure. We will not spoil the interest of the story by giving any detail thereof, but will mention one or two of the principal characters; some of which are of the common staple, but some quite original, and excellently conceived. The hero of the piece, William Clifford, is nothing very extraordinary; though, we must applaud Miss Boyle's good taste in inducing him with a reasonable quantity of faults and weaknesses. Those faults certainly do lean to the amiable side; but they, nevertheless, serve to plunge him into some difficulties which give variety and interest to the story. The heroine is a sweet picture of a quiet but sensitive and accomplished English girl; and so far the tale displays nothing out of the usual course. The character of Dumont, the state prisoner, however, though a sketch, is a powerful one; and infinite tact and extraordinary knowledge of the human heart are displayed in the portraits of Sir Philip Courtenay, the courtier of the reign of George I., Madame d'Aubrey, and Lady Courtenay. Roland Stanley, too, the cool and calculating Jacobite, in whose character is mixed up, here and there, some amiable traits with a great deal that is unamiable—whom we cannot love, and yet whom we cannot wholly hate, is admirably conceived; and is, indeed, one of those fine paintings done with small touches, which must be looked at closely to be rightly seen. But of all characters in the book, the one which deserves, and must meet with, the most attention, is that of Mirabel de Bernay. This is something entirely new. In the world of romance-writing it is, as far as we remember, a creation. Wild, passionate, eccentric, witty, gay, beautiful, feeling; yet pure and holy as a nun, in the midst, not only of a licentious court, but also amidst all the strong affections and eager passions of her own heart.

Every scene where she appears is full of intense interest, and also of novelty; and the first extract we shall give from the work is one in which she plays a conspicuous part. We must premise, that William Clifford, the hero of the piece, has met with a domino at a masked ball at the Palais Royal, who provokes him by repeating some of the court scandal regarding himself and the Baronne de Bernay, who has won his esteem, though his heart was otherwise engaged. The figure and appearance of the domino was that of the dwarfish Count de Salins; and Clifford accordingly takes up the quarrel: on which they go down into the gardens to settle it on the spot. The domino shews no apprehension; and even exchanges a pass with the Englishman before he discovers that it is Mirabel de Bernay herself. Some further conversation ensues in a different tone, and then the following scene is introduced:—

"Nay, do not speak in so sad a tone!" exclaimed her companion, as he saw the tear that trembled in the moonlight; 'such subjects are painful to us both.' 'What a lovely night!' she broke off suddenly, looking up to the sky. 'A night when those who love, send a thousand thoughts and wishes in the direction of the absent. Do you know, William, sometimes I think the stars above us are the homes of the blessed, and that Gaspard looks down upon his sister from the brightest among them. He is my guardian angel now; I am sure he would not suffer any other to possess that office but himself. Oh, William Clifford, William Clifford! he sees us both at this moment; he knows what you have been to me, and he blesses you as I do.' She turned aside her face for one moment, and then continued: 'But I will not talk of myself, for I know your thoughts are wandering with your heart. Speak to me, then, of her you love, for I can bear it now; describe her to me; let me know the human being that is worthy of your love.' 'Oh, Mirabel,' replied Clifford, 'I feel that it is kind and noble of you to speak in this manner, but do not ask me to dwell upon what she is; do not ask me to describe her. Nothing that I said could give you an idea of her beauty, her goodness, her disinterested nature, disinterested as your own; and, believe me, she would appreciate your character—she would love you, Mirabel!' 'No, no!' exclaimed the other eagerly, 'she would not, she could not love me, and I—I should hate her! You do not know how often she occupies my thoughts; I think of her, and strive to picture her to my mind, but in vain; sometimes I fancy that my heart expands towards the woman with whom its dearest feelings are in common, and then again a fearful feeling of hatred takes possession of my mind. Alas! such violence is no doubt foreign to her gentle nature; she would shrink from such as me! What would I give to see her! perhaps, perhaps, William, I might learn to love her; at least I might admire and emulate her. Have you no portrait, no resemblance, in your possession, to appease my curiosity in some degree?' 'Yes,' replied Clifford, 'I have a small, but imperfect, copy of a large picture that was painted at Bourdeaux,

which I always wear.' 'Let me see it! You will not refuse me so simple a request!' exclaimed the baronne, earnestly, 'you do not know how my mind is set upon it!' 'The moon is very bright,' said Clifford, 'but it is a bad moment to judge of the painting.' He took the miniature from his bosom, and gave it to Mirabel, who looked at it for several moments without speaking, while a thousand conflicting emotions rose within her at the sight of Blanch's portrait. 'She is fair,' said the baronne at length, with some hesitation; 'and her hair seems golden.—Is she tall, then?' 'Yes,' replied Clifford, 'you are right. She is above the ordinary height.' A deep, deep sigh, which forced its way, in spite of her efforts to check its progress, followed these remarks, and then she returned the picture. 'It is beautiful,' she said, 'most beautiful. They are happy whose countenance can reflect their soul, and vouch for its nobleness.' A pause ensued, painful to both, which was, at length, broken by William. 'There are people coming down the staircase,' he cried, hurriedly; 'put on your hat and mask, and draw your cloak round you: they have been attracted by the glitter of my sword, which I unfortunately did not sheathe.' 'Holy Virgin! what will become of me!' cried Mirabel; 'one of them looks like the regent. For pity's sake do not let them discover me.' 'Draw your sword, then,' said William, 'and play the part of Monsieur de Salins boldly, for we may be hardly tried.' The baronne obeyed, but she trembled so violently as to retard her efforts, and she had hardly reassumed the disguise before the regent came up, attended by several courtiers. 'Hold, gentlemen!' he cried; 'the first who strikes another blow will have to deal with Philip of Orleans! Is your valour so impetuous as to require a display at the expense of the law, even in our very gardens? For you, sir Englishman, who will, no doubt, plead ignorance as an excuse, let me advise you to beware how you again brave the laws of the land in which you live: by your antagonist, at least, can offer no such idle apology—M. le Comte de Salins.' 'Pardon me, my lord,' interrupted a courtier, 'but three hours ago I saw the Comte de Salins stretched on a sick bed, too weak to raise his hand to his mouth.' 'Pasques Dieu!' exclaimed the duke; 'has the count gained a twin brother since yesterday? or who has stolen his favour, his stature, and his taste for duelling?' He advanced towards Mirabel, whose usual presence of mind now forsook her; and who, sheltering herself behind William, addressed one word of earnest supplication in his ear. This movement elicited a general laugh from all but the duke and Clifford. The one was too angry, the other too much alarmed, to join in the mirth. • • • 'The king! burst at once from every lip, while the duke himself stood uncovered, and most of the courtiers bent the knee.'

We must leave the reader to discover the mystery for himself, and will now turn to two points which are but too frequently lost sight of altogether, in the present day, by the writers, the readers, and the reviewers of romances, namely, the tone and the style of the book. Of the first we must express our most unqualified approbation, as it is noble, high minded, and pure in every line; and though the writer does not overload the story with detached observations, yet many a fine moral lesson is placed naturally in the mouth of those who acted their part in days gone by; but whose words might often be well applied to ourselves. We cannot too much applaud this inculcation

of high and noble feelings, nor the manner in which it is done.

In regard to the style, it is paying Miss Boyle no mean compliment when we say that the rich and poetical imagery which it every where displays, puts us often in mind of the writings of L. E. L. There are, indeed, occasional marks of carelessness, but we cannot rest upon them for a moment amidst the beauties which the work contains. One of its principal features, indeed, is the number of little graceful allusions and poetical illustrations which sparkle through its pages. We shall conclude by selecting one or two of these, to shew the reader of what materials the web is woven.

'Far, far more lovely becomes every memory that can be coupled with some fair page in nature's varied volume; far dearer to the well-constructed mind each remembrance that is bound up with the inestimable gifts of the Creator. Such associations render transitory moments permanent, immortal. While by the side of one we love, to let the eye wander over the green bosom of the earth, or the wide expanse of heaven: to mark together the exquisite colouring of the flowers, or the majestic proportions of the forest trees, has in it a spell to bind for ever recollection.'

We could select many more extracts, to shew the spirit of the book as well as its style, but we must here pause, only adding, that the work is full of scenes, situations, and characters, of deep interest, and that it displays much genius, which, if properly managed, may lead the writer to great things. Miss Boyle, however, will do well to remember, that high talents require none the less very great attention to guide them properly; and that even the greatest experience, though it bestows ease of composition, will never justify any carelessness; and, as a general rule to all romance-writers, we may add, that they cannot examine too strictly whether the causes they display be sufficient to the effects; and whether the motives—either latent in peculiarities of the character they depict, or proceeding from the circumstances they relate—be sufficient to account for the actions of their *dramatis personæ*. We take leave of the *State Prisoner* with regret to part with him, but with a sincere expression of gratitude for the pleasure we have derived from his company; and we trust that the pen which has so well depicted, and so gracefully ornamented a part of his career, will not suffer this to be its only effort.

Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and State Paper Office.

By F. Von Raumer. *Frederick II. and his Times*. 8vo. pp. 468. London, 1837. Knight.

It may surely be classed among the curiosities of literature, that a foreigner, a gentleman to whom our language was strange, should have sought our national repositories; and, out of their masses of confusion (though greatly improved, in arrangement and classification, within the last twenty years) have supplied us with such inestimable contributions to our own peculiar, as well as to general, European history. How rich the neglected field is, the present interesting volume demonstrates. The period it embraces is one of those memorable epochs, which change, re-shape, and control the destinies of nations. A century has very nearly elapsed since the second Frederick mounted the throne of Prussia; and that single circumstance has exercised a remarkable influence on all the (then) future fate of Europe. Prussia has become a powerful

monarchy; Russia has emerged from comparative barbarism into a mighty empire; Poland has been blotted from the map of kingdoms; Electors and Palatines have, from branches of the Germanic league, been converted into independent sovereigns: a hundred years have altered every relative position and political relation of the most civilised quarter of the globe.

It is delightful to trace the springs of such events; and M. Von Raumer has enabled us to do so in a delightful manner. We know not when we have read a book at once so instructive and entertaining. The despatches and letters which furnish the materials, are not only of undoubted authenticity, but the condition of the parties by whom and to whom they were written, is a voucher for their being the uncoloured and simple truth. An ambassador wishes to inform, and not to deceive and mislead, his government: hence, only qualified by the quantum of their own acumen and penetration, every line in the correspondence of residents at foreign courts is to be received as fact. And, much as the era to which these papers refer has employed the pens of actors in them, from the Prussian monarch to the humblest chroniclers, we rejoice to gather their new lights, and find ourselves looking at what we thought realities, in points of view, very, if not altogether, different. In some measure, the following selections will display the admirable way in which the author has performed his task; which, of necessity desultory, carries us from London to Stockholm, from Vienna to Berlin, from Paris to Petersburg; and unfolds the secret transactions, as well as the more public exhibitions and intrigues, of every court, so as to remind us closely of Horace Walpole, alike in style and in matter. Before entering upon these, however, we have pleasure in transcribing a passage in the Preface, which does honour to the liberality of our rulers.

'The English government,' says M. Von Raumer, 'deserves so much the greater praise and more sincere gratitude for having opened to me the State Paper Office, with its treasures, not merely for more ancient times, but also to that part of the eighteenth century to which my investigations were directed. And this permission was not accompanied with a hundred suspicions, restrictive precautionary measures, which cost time and create vexations; but it was unfettered: and I met also with the most willing and friendly support from the gentlemen who are in offices of the establishment. The despatches of ambassadors, which passed through my hand, were:—

From France, 37 folios; Prussia, 55 (including the papers of Mr. Mitchell); Austria, 60; Russia, 75; Saxony, 3; Holland, 16; Sweden, 15; Royal Letters, 1; In all, 292 folios.

I have received from Paris assurances of similar favours, if my avocations would permit me to make use of them. At home, the prophets who look forwards, and those who look backwards (the historians), are equally destitute of credit; at least, we in Germany have, unfortunately, not yet attained to the laudable theory and practice respecting the use of historical documents, which is recognised in London and Paris.'

Explaining the nature of his work, he adds: 'Under these circumstances, I could not compose a comprehensive, critical, comparative work on the times of Frederick II.; but, necessarily, confined myself to extracting from the above folios what was most important and instructive, and arranging it in a clear manner. King

Frederick II. is the centre of the whole; but his age, as well as himself, is reflected on those sources, by which the title of the book, if not justified, is excused. After many doubts how the materials should be arranged and worked up, it appeared to me to be the most advisable to retain the original form of the despatches in the essential parts, in order that the English point of view might be, as far as possible, preserved. In order to avoid too great a dismemberment of the accounts, coming from such various countries, I was sometimes obliged to comprehend many of them (accurately marking the time, however) under one general head; nor could I refrain from making, in some places, additions and explanatory observations. A circumstantial introduction on the state of Europe at the time of the accession of Frederick II., appeared to me to be superfluous, because every friend of history is sufficiently informed on this subject, or may read in the king's works in what light he viewed that time and his own situation."

So early as page 14 the author refers us to a retrospect of Russia, from 1704 to 1740, the date of his commencement. It contains many curious particulars, touching which we shall offer some extracts from the twenty-five folio volumes in the State Paper Office, that relate to that time. Mr. Whitworth, our ambassador, proceeds from Breslau for Moscow, in January 1705; and he says—

"I was five days in travelling twenty-two German miles through the king of Prussia's country, on the road to Wilna. I cannot sufficiently express the misery I found over all, the desolation of the present war having doubled what the inhabitants suffered, even in time of peace, through the pride and luxury of the lesser nobles, and the abject slavery of the other country people. * * * In Toshihofe (?), the first little town of the czar's dominions, the starost or burgo-master, a good old peasant, attended by half a dozen of his brethren, with long beards, came to make me a compliment, and presented me a great loaf of coarse brown bread, strowed with salt, bidding me welcome in the czar's country, and desiring me to take part of such fare as they had."

At Moscow he is well received by the czar; and tells us—

"His majesty has made a thorough change in the dress of his country. In all this great city I see not one of consideration appear otherwise than in German cloaks. One of the hardest tasks was the persuading them to lay aside their long beards. Most of the chief nobility lost theirs in the czar's presence, where there was no room to dispute his orders. The common people, however, were not so easily brought to follow the new fashion, till a tax was laid, at the city's gates, on every one who went in or out with a beard; and this was to be paid as often as they passed: by which means they have at last been brought to conform."

Afterwards he relates—

"You will have heard with how much difficulty the whole nation submitted to the razor. They were prepossessed both by custom and religion. Their forefathers lived unshaved; their priests, saints, and martyrs, were venerable for their beards; them they were bid to imitate; and the ignorant thought part of the devotion lay in the beard, as Samson's strength did in his hair. Nay, even the ladies themselves joined in the fashion, and could at first be scarce brought to suffer the reformation in their husbands. But the court and the chief persons having complied with the czar's desires, the most prudent and moderate way of

reducing the commonalty was thought to be the laying a tax on all beards, as often as they passed the gates of any principal town; and leave was also given to take out protection for a yearly sum of money, which a great many have done; and on producing their ticket stamped with a long beard, are let pass without any further inquisition. Some time after another edict was published, enjoining the women to wear petticoats, under the same penalties; whereas their former habit was only a loose gown, buttoned down before, and reaching to their heels. I have been the more particular in this account, because, however trifling these points may seem, they gave no small occasion to the present disturbances. For the governor of Astrachan being a cruel, imprudent man, would not be content with the fine imposed by the czar on the disobedient, but was resolved to make a thorough reformation. For which, and after the time of grace was expired, he placed his officers at all the church doors, who cut off the women's loose garments, from their middles, and pulled out the beards of several persons by the roots, which violence put the whole town (who were generally of the sort above mentioned) in great anger; and one of the most zealous, an under-receiver of the customs, being chosen for their captain, they assaulted the governor in the night, and cut him to pieces, together with three hundred families of foreigners, part merchants and part Swedish prisoners. In one of the houses they by chance found a peruke block, formally carved with nose, mouth, and eyes, which was immediately seized, and carried in triumph through the town, the rabble crying after it, 'Behold the god of the strangers, which we shall at last be forced to worship, if we do not free ourselves from their customs and slavery!' The ring-leaders, without doubt, knew the barber well enough; but it served a turn, and passed current with the mob, who were used every day to see as rough hewn images adored by their neighbouring heathens of Tartary and Siberia. * * * Whitworth's despatches contain much information respecting the barbarities of the northern war, the desire for war or peace, as also of the hopes and fears of the different parties, from which, by way of specimen, I select the following:—'Forty-five Russians were taken prisoners by the Swedes. They had the two former fingers of their right hands cut off, in cold blood, some months after, and were then dismissed, with that ignominious mark in their own country. The czar is extremely moved at this proceeding, and declared publicly, that though the Swedes endeavoured, by false reports, to represent him and his people as barbarians and unchristian, yet he appealed to all the world, and particularly to some thousands of Swedish prisoners, now in his dominions, whether ever he had treated any of them with such indignity? Adding that, though he was sorry for these poor soldiers, yet he should find a great advantage by this action, for he intended to place one of them in every regiment, who might be a living remonstrance to their companions, what usage they were to expect from their merciless enemies, in case they suffered themselves to be taken or overcome.' On the 21st November, 1705, Whitworth writes:—'The czar is more in earnest to treat with Sweden than ever, out of different reasons, at least, whether the Swedes would not listen to the Christian proposals of releasing the poor people, who suffer under so long a captivity, either by a general exchange, or on their word given not to serve during the present war. The King of Poland is equally weary of

the czar's direction, the war with Sweden, and the crown of Poland, which he only maintains out of a pure point of honour and reputation; or else, as he told me himself, he would rather live a private citizen in Leipzig than reign over such a people.'"

We conclude this part of the work by copying an interesting account of the Saporogues Cossacks, given by Rondeau, in a despatch of the 24th April, 1736. "The Saporogues Cossacks are a very strong and indefatigable people. Their cashevoy, or general, has a room for himself, of about ten feet square; but the others live in large rooms, called kuraveis, in each of which there are about six or seven hundred men. Whoever pleases to go into the kuravei may lodge and eat with them without being asked, and without thanking them for their entertainment. As the whole nation are a very extraordinary people, more used to live in the fields than in settled habitations, there are generally four or five hundred men about every kuravei, who lie in the open air, but have the liberty to come into the room when they please without any ceremony. The Saporogues are a sort of knights, who suffer no women among them; for if any one of them was found to keep a woman, he is stoned to death. They have no written law, but all causes are judged by six or seven persons they choose for that purpose; but their sentence cannot be put in execution till it be approved by the fraternity. If any theft is committed among them, and the robber is taken, he is immediately hung up by the ribs. In case a murderer is discovered, they dig a pit, and lay the murdered person on the murderer, and bury them both together. They profess the Greek religion; and when they were under the protection of the Turks, the patriarch of Constantinople furnished them with priests; but since these two years, that they are under the protection of the czarina, their priests are sent them by the Archbishop of Kiev. They have only one church, which is served by an abbot and a few priests, who are not permitted to meddle with any worldly matters further than to intercede for delinquents, and to see them do public penance in the church, in case they commit any slight fault. The Saporogues admit in their fraternity all persons of whatever nation they are, in case they embrace the Greek religion, and are willing to undergo seven years' probation before they are admitted knights. If any of their fraternity run away, they make no inquiry after them; but look upon such as unworthy of their society. Their riches consist in cattle, particularly in horses. Some of them have above a hundred; and there is hardly any one of these Cossacks but has ten or twenty. They have a great many thousand horses, that run all together in the open fields. It is hardly ever heard that one is stolen, for such thefts are unpardonable among those people. They sow no corn. In time of war they plunder all the provisions they can from their enemies; and in time of peace they barter horses and fish for all sorts of necessities. They catch vast quantities of fish, particularly in the river Dnieper. In their studs they have Turkish and Circassian stallions. Their arms, that consist in rifle guns and sabres, they make themselves. Nobody is admitted a knight of this society who is not very strong and well made; but any one may be admitted as Cholopps, who are their servants, and some of them have two or three. They never care to mention how many knights there are in their fraternity; and when asked, they say they cannot tell, because their number exceeds 20,000 men. It is certain the greatest

part of these people are Cossacks, who have deserted from the Ukraine; but the Choloops, or servants, are mostly Poles. The Saporogues are divided into thirty great rooms, or kuraveis, each of which has its particular commander or attaman, who, nevertheless, are obliged to obey the cashevoy, or general. Every knight has the liberty to vote when they choose a general; and, in case he does not behave well, they turn him out of his employment and choose another, as it happened some years ago to the present cashevoy, who was turned out, and another elected, who is since dead, and the present was rechosen. When a Saporogue knight dies, he may leave his horses and what he has to whom he will; but, generally, the church gets the most, which is given to maintain the priest."

Reverting to the main body of the "Contributions," we find the court of St. Petersburg still the prey of factions. On the death of the Empress Anne (October 1740), the Duke of Courland succeeded to imperial power, as regent, till the Infant, Iwan III., should attain his 17th year; and all seemed to be settled and permanent.

"The English ambassador, writing from St. Petersburg, on the 8th of November, 1740, says:—The regent applies himself with great assiduity to the despatch of business. He is determined to know the exact state of all affairs as he found them, in order to shew how he leaves them. Princess Anne is on an apparently good footing with him; they see each other frequently, but her husband has not appeared any where since his examination. He stirs not out of the Princess Anne's apartments; and the Duke of Courland but yesterday told a friend of mine, that this prince confessing his design to 'rebel a little,' as he called it, could not move anger, though it might pity, for his highness' weakness, in having been drawn into such a mad notion with only eight accomplices, of which the buffoon of this court's coachman, an apprentice, and waiter, were three, who had been released.' So secure and composed, nay, almost presumptuous, was the duke, so little did he and the ambassador pre-
sage events that were close at hand, so entirely were most persons deceived respecting the state of affairs. On the 9th of November, only a few hours after the writing of the above despatch, the whole fabric of the new government was completely overthrown. 'On the 9th of November, (writes the ambassador two days later), between three and four in the morning, Field-Marshal Munnich, at the head of a detachment of forty grenadiers from the guard of the winter palace, marched to the summer one, and seized, by a verbal order of the Princess Anne, the regent in his bed, who, about six, was brought prisoner to the guard-room in the winter palace; the whole Courland family being put under arrest. Immediately after, General Biron and the new cabinet minister, Bestucheff, were taken prisoners and carried to the winter palace also. Upon which all the great people were immediately summoned to court, when the Princess Anne, in her son's name, was declared great duchess, with the title of imperial serene highness, and charged with the administration of the government during the minority of her son. The prisoners were then taken to different fortresses, a *Te Deum* sung, orders distributed, petitions granted, the debts of the nobles paid, and the Prince of Brunswick declared generalissimo. Munnich declined this office, and desired that the army might have the honour to be commanded by the father of their sovereign. He was, however, appointed prime minister; Ostermann, high admiral

and minister of foreign affairs; Czerkaski, high chancellor; and Goloffkin, vice-chancellor. The captive duke was then despoiled of all his money and possessions, even to his gold watch and clothes.' Later despatches of the ambassador, particularly one of the 18th of November, give the following account: 'This step,' he says, 'was resolved upon only the day before; the duke, by a strange fatality and blindness of his own, augmented by the flatteries of others, was firmly persuaded that he was to the last degree popular, and in full possession of the affections of every body, of what rank, degree, or profession soever, interpreting the implicit submission to his power to be a firm attachment to his person.'

How much ambassadors may be mistaken! But, to diversify our review, and conclude for the present week, we now copy another Cossack anecdote; and a most curious and characteristic example of royal and political diplomacy. The postscripts (so lady-like) are glorious.

"In the midst of European fêtes, ceremonies, disputes about precedence and the like, there appeared, by way of change, a chief of the Don Cossacks, named Krosno Tzockin; that is, red cheeks. He is turned of seventy, but has a great deal of desperate brutal courage. He has knocked off several score of his prisoners' heads; sometimes in cold blood, sometimes in drunken fits, but always, as he says, to keep his hand in; and has been wounded all over his body; on which occasions he only makes use of human fat by outward application, and inwardly a glass of brandy."

"On the 30th of January, 1741, Frederick wrote from Berlin to the King of England:—'I am charmed to see, by the letter which your majesty has just written to me, that I was not mistaken in the confidence which I placed in you, from the favourable manner in which you speak of my enterprise in Silesia. Having had no alliance with any body, I have not been able to open my mind to every body, but seeing the good intentions of your majesty, I consider you already as my ally, from whom I ought in future to keep nothing hid or secret. I must then inform you that I have taken possession of all Silesia (except two wretched forts, into which the officers of the Queen of Bohemia have very imprudently thrown some troops, and which cannot hold out); that I have driven Mr. Braun into Moravia, and that if I had the smallest intention of overthrowing the house of Austria, it would have depended only on myself, to have advanced to Vienna. But not having any right, except to a part of Silesia, I have stopped where its frontiers end. Far from desiring to disturb Europe, I pretend to nothing, except that regard be paid to my incontestable rights, and that justice be done me, without my being obliged to push things to extremity, and to keep no measure in future with the court of Vienna. I infinitely value the friendship of your majesty and the common interest of the Protestant princes, which require, that those who are oppressed on account of their religion, shall be supported. The tyrannical government under which the Silesians have groined is dreadful, and the barbarity of the Catholics towards them is not to be expressed. If these Protestants lose me, they have no resource left. I believe that the reasons which I have just given your majesty are sufficient, but I think I see still stronger ones, in the interest of your majesty; for if ever you wish to gain a faithful and ever constant ally, this is the moment. Our interest, our religion, our blood, are the same; and it would be melancholy if we were seen to act in

a manner contrary to each other, by which other jealous neighbours would not fail to profit. It would be still more melancholy to oblige me to concur in the great designs of France, which, however, I have no intention of doing, unless I am forced; whereas, at present, your majesty finds me most advantageously inclined for your interest, ready to enter into your views, and to act in all things in concert with you. I am, with the most perfect esteem, your good and faithful brother and friend,

'FREDERICK.

"I forgot to inform you that I have concluded a defensive alliance with Russia."

"The King of England, in his answer, exhorts him to a speedy reconciliation, in which he will willingly co-operate as far as alliances and engagements permit. The loose, undiplomatic manner in which Frederick mentions his alliance with Russia, had doubtless been thought singular in London. We, therefore, find at the conclusion of the English answer; 'Postscript: I also thank you for informing me of your alliance with Russia.'"

Attila. By G. P. R. James. 3 vols. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THAT "the Scourge of God" should ever have been made agreeable and pleasant to the children of men, is entirely attributable to the genius of Mr. James. In this production, which displays to great advantage all the excellences of the writer, we have his research, his descriptive powers, his style, his identification of character, his poetry, his historical accuracy, and his actual presentation of remote times, mingled with all the interest of a well-conceived and finely executed story. The age and the deeds of Attila, the Hun, are indeed of rich material; and no man could employ them to a better use than Mr. James. Like some of the most distinguished *literati* of Germany, who have applied themselves to similar illustrations—like the author of *Valerius* (which never obtained its just popularity)—like Bulwer, in his "Rienzi," and, we have no doubt, in his forthcoming "Athens,"—our author has restored an ancient epoch of intense interest to the light of day. As Herculaneum, and Pompeii, and Tarquinia, are forced to yield their long-buried treasures to our gaze, and their antique forms to our examination, so are Attila and his barbaric associates, Huns, Alani, Ostrogoths,—Theodosius and Valentinian, the emperors of the east and west (as the Roman empire rushed down towards its fall), with their tributaries of Gaul and Asia, brought vividly before us; and connected together by a tale of domestic life, its misfortunes, loves, and destinies, till we could fancy ourselves living, and taking part in the scenes so ably described.

The narrative opens in Dalmatia, where Flavia, a noble Roman matron, residing in the palace of Diocletian,—even now so glorious in its ruins,—is seen with her family, a young boy and a girl, Ildica, just bidden into womanhood, together with the daughter of her cousin, Paulinus (afterwards murdered by Theodosius); and they are joined by Theodore, the son of the latter, and the affianced of Ildica. A terrible earthquake and the hate of the emperor drive them into exile; and, by a strange concurrence of events, Theodore acquires the favour and protection of Attila, and is bound to remain with him during seven years. The others seek repose and safety among the Alani. At this time, Attila's first irruption into the Roman territories takes place, and affords Mr. James

opportunities for very striking pictures of war and desolation. But the abode of Theodore among the Huns is still more productive of original views; and the manners, customs, and, as we believe, almost real condition of that people (hitherto much misrepresented as altogether barbarous by Roman writers), are painted with a masterly hand. Above all, the character of Attila is a splendid performance.

Much do we regret that we can, this week, give only a few imperfect extracts to justify these opinions; but the work reached us very late, and is not even yet before the public.

We begin with the opening group, and the Roman matron.

"Under the cypresses, not exactly where the shade fell—for the sun near the horizon had lost his meridian heat, and the western breeze swept over the cool bright waters of the Adriatic—were seated three women, and a boy of some fourteen years of age. They were, evidently, of the highest race of the land in which they lived; and, had nothing else bespoken their rank, the broad deep border of purple, of triple die, which edged the snowy robe of the eldest of the party, would have distinguished her as a Roman lady of patrician blood. She was scarcely beyond the middle age, and time had treated her beauty leniently. Somewhat of the elastic grace, and all the slight pliant outline of early youth, were gone; but in contour and dignity much, too, had been gained; and the eye, more calm and fixed, was as bright and lustrous, the teeth as white and perfect, as ever. The hair, drawn up and knotted on the crown of the head, was still full and luxuriant; but, meandering through its dark and wavy masses, might here and there be seen a line of silver gray: while the cheek, which had once been as warm and glowing as the morning dawn of her own radiant land, sorrows—calmly borne, but not the less deeply felt—had rendered as pale as the twilight of the evening, just ere night reigns supreme. Her dress was plain and unadorned, of the finest materials and the purest hues; but the gems and ornaments, then so common, were altogether absent. The consciousness of beauty, which she might once have felt, was now altogether forgotten; its vanity she had never known. As much grace as health, perfect symmetry of form, and noble education from infancy, could give, she displayed in every movement; but it was the calm and matronly grace where all is ease, and tranquillity, and self-possession. The same placid charm reigned in the expression of her countenance. She seemed to look with benevolence on all. Nay, more, as if the sorrows which had reached her in her high station had taught her that in every bosom, however well concealed, there is, or will be, some store of grief, some memory, some regret, some disappointment, there mingled with the gentleness of her aspect an expression of pity; or, perhaps, its better name were sympathy, which existed really within, and formed a tie between her heart and that of every other human thing. She was, indeed, to use the beautiful words of the poet, 'kind as the sun's bless'd influence.' Yet the bright dark eye, the proud arching lip, and the expansive nostrils, seemed to speak of a nature originally less calm, of days when the spirit was less subdued. Time and grief, however, are mighty tamers of the most lionlike heart: and it was with that look of pity, mingling with tender pleasure, that she gazed down upon a beautiful girl, of, perhaps, thirteen years of age; who, leaning fondly on her knees, as the hymn concluded, looked up in her face for sympath-

etic feelings, while the sweet sounds still trembled on her full rosy lips."

The younger party are then described, with equal truth and felicity, as the author proceeds:—

"The affection, however, of the Lady Flavia, for so was called the elder of whom we have spoken, was divided. For the love of man woman has but one place in her heart, but maternal tenderness has many; and the agony of Niobe was not less for every child that died than if she had had but one. Flavia looked upon Eudochia as her child, and loved her as such; but the two others, of whom we have said that group was composed, were in reality her children. Ammian, the boy, was like his mother in features and complexion, but not in character. More of his dead father's nature had descended to him—more of the wild and daring spirit which, sporting with perils and dangers, contemning pain, and laughing at fear, found food for a bright and eager imagination in scenes and circumstances which to others were full of nothing but horror and dismay. His pastime, as a boy, was to climb the mountains, and spring from rock to rock across the yawning chasms; to stand gazing down over the dizzy side of the precipice, and to drink in the sublimity of the scene below; to dash through the wild waves, when the southwest wind rolled them in mountains on the shore; or to mingle with the pagan inhabitants, which still filled many of the villages near, and to watch, without taking part in, those sacrifices which were prohibited under pain of death by the Christian emperors, but which often took place even in the open face of day. His mother put no check upon his hazardous pleasures, for she was Roman enough to wish that her children might never know the name of fear. But yet her heart sometimes sunk with a chilly dread when she witnessed his wild exploits: for, though the qualities which prompted them were those for which she had loved his father, yet she could not forget that the same daring spirit had led that father to death, by barbarian hands, in the wilds of Pannonia."

Idica is exquisitely drawn; but we cannot copy the lovely whole-length, and must pass to a brief extract, when Theodore learns the loss of his father.

"Thank God (he says), we have enough to support us with dignity till this storm be blown away, and the sun shines once more." "Alas, Theodore!" replied the priest, "seldom is it with man that the sun, once clouded, ever shines again. The bosom of nature, torn by the tempest, soon recovers its gaiety and its beauty; or, swept by the shower, wakes up again in brighter loveliness: but the heart of man, beaten by the storms of fate, never regains its freshness, but is dulled and withered by every drop that falls, and revives not again till his short day is closed."

Here we will add an example of the poetry—the slave's song, sung as the exiles wend their way from happy Dalmatia for the dark Danube.

"We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth;
Our life's but a race to the death from the birth;
We pause not to gather the flowers as they grow,
The goal is before us, and on we must go.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!

Fair scenes of our childhood, dear homes of our youth,
Memorials of innocence, virtue, and truth,
The land of our birth, the dear mother that bore,—
We leave ye behind us, we see you no more.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!

The joys that we tasted we taste not again;
Each hour has its burden, each day has its pain;
No moment, in flying, but hurries us past
Some sight, sound, or feeling, more dear than the last.
We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!

We leave ye behind us, and others shall come,
To tread in our footsteps, from cradle to tomb;
Still gazing back fondly, with lingering eyes,
Where behind them the bright land of memory lies.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth.

The sound of Time's pinion, as fast he doth fly,
Is echoed from each mortal breast by a sigh;
What if there be fruits?—they gathered must grow,
For fate is behind us, and on we must go.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth,
Hopes, joys, and endearments, sport, pleasure, and mirth;

Like a tempest-driven ship, sailing by some bright shore,
Time hurries us onward—we see you no more.

We leave ye behind us, sweet things of the earth!"

The account of the dreadful earthquake, which threw down the imperial palace, is very fine, but not altogether novel; as Mr. James states that he had only altered it from preceding publications. Not so the tremendous battle in Gaul between Attila and the Roman Ætius; of parts of which we shall (difficult as it is to separate them from the whole) avail ourselves, in conclusion.

"Ere half an hour had passed, the war-horse of Attila pawed the ground beside the fallen land-mark, and the myriads of the Huns spread out over all the plain. 'Let the ground before me be cleared,' cried the king; and then, poising his javelin above his head, he cast it forward with prodigious force. A hundred cubits further than any other arm could throw, it still sang on through the air, then touched the earth, and quivered in the ploughed-up ground. 'There pitch my tent,' continued Attila; 'there fix our camp. Turn all faces back towards the west; for Attila has retreated far enough, and here we have space to wheel our horses on the foe. Oh, Theodoric! Theodoric! thou hast deceived and betrayed thy friend. I offered to make thee a king indeed, instead of a puppet in the hands of Rome; but Ætius, with his loud promises, and Avitus, with his fair flattery, have seduced thee to the side of Attila's enemies, and, ere two days are over, either he or thou must die. Had it not been for thee and thy Goths, the Romans of Gaul, like the Romans of the east, had been now crouching in trembling terror at the feet of Attila. But they shall still tremble! Shall it not be so, O Valmir? Will not thy subjects die their hands in the blood of their degenerate kinsmen? Shall it not be so, Arderic? Will not thy Gepidae smite the heads of the vain loquacious Franks? Attila will beard the Roman, and even here shall be the spot. Make the camp strong, and let no one sit apart from the rest. Let the waggons be placed around, and the spaces beneath them filled up, and leave no entrance but one: for, if we destroy not this Roman army in the field, we will wait it in our camp; and, by the head of my father! I will not quit the land till it is dispersed. Bid the wise men and the diviners sacrifice! and consult the bones of the slain, that I may know what will be the event of tomorrow. Tell them that we fight, even if we die. Let them speak the truth, therefore, boldly. Ha! Theodoric, my son, ride hither with me."

"Difficult were it to describe, impossible to convey any adequate idea of the scene of tumult, din, and confusion, which the camp of the Huns presented during that night. The circle of waggons, placed in a double row, and forming, in reality, a strong fortification, was nearly completed, when Attila led the way thither, and turned his steps towards his own tent. Fastened to strong stakes driven into the ground, between the inner wheels, the waggons were immovable from without, but

easily turned or withdrawn from within; and, embracing an immense extent of ground, they afforded space for the mighty host which Attila had led into the plains of Gaul. During that night, and comprised in a space of a few miles, more than a million of human beings, either in the Hunnish or the Roman army, prepared for battle, and panted for carnage. No still quiet followed in the train of night: the blows of the hammer and the mallet, the ringing of armour, the voices of guards and commanders, the tramp of thousands passing to and fro, the murmur of innumerable voices, the loud and ringing laugh, the war-song shouted high and strong, the sounding of trumpets and of wild martial music, the neighing of several millions of horses, raised a roar through the whole air, in the midst of which the sounds of an accidental conflict that took place between the troops of Arderic and those of Theoderic, the Gothic ally of Ætius, were scarcely heard; though, so fierce was the struggle for the bank of the rivulet, that fifteen thousand men were left dead within a stone's throw of the Hunnish camp.

"On one side of that little brook, running pure and clear between those hostile armies—like the bright stream of Divine love, pouring on its refreshing waters of peace amidst the strife and turbulence of human passions—stretched forth the host of Attila, nearly seven hundred thousand horsemen from every land, and every nation of the North. There, in the centre, under his own immediate command, appeared the dark line of dusky Huns, little embarrassed with defensive armour, but bearing the strong and pliant bow upon their shoulders, and at their side the quiver loaded with unerring arrows; the large heavy sword, too, was in the hand of each, and at many a stirrup of the wilder tribes hung, as an ornament, a gory human head. Far on the right appeared the Gepidae, fairer in complexion, more bulky in limb, and more splendid in arms and apparel, but generally reputed less active, less fierce, and less persevering, than the Huns. On the left, again, were seen the Ostrogoths, tall, fair, and powerful; and the intervening spaces were filled up with a thousand barbarous tribes—the Rugi, the Geloni, the Heruli, the Scyri, Burgundians, Turingians, and those called the Bellonoci. A thousand tongues were spoken in that host, a thousand varieties of face and garb were seen; but all were actuated by the same feelings—hatred to the Romans, and reverence for the mighty Hun. On the other side of the brook, again, appeared, not less in number, and not less various in appearance, the vast army which Ætius had collected from the different nations that inhabited Gaul: the long-haired Frank, the blue-eyed Goth, the sturdy Armorican, the powerful, but doubtful Alan; and there, upon his right, appeared Theoderic, the wise and valiant monarch of the Visigoths, with his white hair, speaking the passing of many a careful year, and his three gallant sons, ready to obey, with the activity of youth, those directions which the wisdom of his age might dictate. In the centre were placed all the more doubtful allies of the Roman empire, mingled with such as might act as a check upon their wavering faith. On the left of the line appeared the Roman eagles, under the command of Ætius in person. There, too, might he be seen, in the eyes of the whole army, riding from rank to rank, and with bold and cheerful words encouraging his soldiers, and exciting them to great exertion. Small in person, but graceful, well-proportioned, and active, with the lion

heart of the hero, and the eagle glance of the great general, the whole aspect of Ætius breathed courage, and inspired energy. Wherever he rode, wherever he appeared, a cheerful murmur greeted him; and when, at length, he galloped his splendid battle-horse along the line, and, riding up to Theoderic, embraced the old chieftain without dismounting from his charger, a loud and universal shout burst from the army, and seemed to the ears of the Romans a presage of victory. Calm, grave, and immovable, sat Attila upon his black charger, a stone's throw before the line of the Huns. On him every eye in his own host was turned; and in that moment of awful suspense which precedes the closing of two mighty powers in the first shock of battle, the barbarian myriads seemed to forget the presence of their Roman adversaries in the intense interest with which they regarded their terrible leader. Armed, like themselves, with a bow upon his shoulder and a sword in his hand, Attila sat and gazed upon his forces; turning, from time to time, a casual glance upon the Romans, and then looking back along the far extending line of Huns, while a scarcely perceptible smile of triumphant anticipation hung upon his lip. He sat almost alone, for his nearest followers and most faithful friends remained a few paces behind; while, with that stern, proud glance, he ran over his often victorious bands, and seemed waiting with tranquil confidence for the approaching strife. At length, all seemed prepared on every side, and the stillness of expectation fell upon the field. It continued till it seemed as if all were afraid to break it—so deep, so profound, grew that boding silence."

Here, even on the eve of a battle in which half a million of men were slain, we must break off; trusting that, however inadequately, we have said and done enough to recommend *Attila* to the distinction and popularity it so eminently deserves. The ground is new.

Crichton. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Author of "Rookwood." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

AFTER a long delay, *Crichton* has at last issued from the press; and that delay is satisfactorily accounted for by the evident pains the author has bestowed upon his subject, and the research into the particulars of his hero's life, which are especially manifest in the third volume. Of that volume alone we have to speak, since the two preceding *tomes*, and the general excellences of the work, were described in the *Literary Gazette*, of the 26th November, No. 1036. "*Romanesque, chivalresque, et pittoresque*," were the terms we applied to the unfinished *Crichton*; and now that we have the whole before us, we can but repeat the eulogy, and place the little word *très* before it. "Time, place, and a hero," we said, were the triad of fiction, and our author has been eminently fortunate in them all. Why should we repeat ourselves? the publication will soon be universally read; and then these pilot-balloons, sent up before, will be laid aside or forgotten. We will simply ballast ours by another specimen or two of the author's beauties. The entire chapter of "the Two Henris," is a masterly piece of writing and delineation of character, of which we shall endeavour to convey some idea by quoting a portion of the interview—it is between Henri of Navarre and Henri III., on the former resolving to throw himself on the generosity of the latter.

"Accordingly, when Henri III. turned aside to confer with Blount, he struck spurs into his charger, and rode towards him. A greeting of

apparently fraternal warmth passed between the two monarchs. Though each, in secret, distrusted the other, both deemed it prudent to assume an air of unbounded confidence and good-will. Dissimulation formed no part of the Bourbon's frank and loyal character; but his long experience of the perfidy and insincerity of the race of Valois, while it prevented him from being Henri's dupe, satisfied him that any advantage which might accrue to him from the interview could only be attained by the employment of similar artifice. Throwing himself, therefore, instantly from his steed, he attempted, with the greatest cordiality, to take the hand of the king, with the intention of proffering the customary salutation. Henri III., however, drew back his steed as he approached. 'Your pardon, my brother,' said he, with a gracious smile: 'we would cut off our right hand could we suspect it of heresy; nor can we consent to take yours, tainted as it is with that contagious leprosy, unless we first receive assurance from your lips that you are come hither, like the prodigal son, to confess your indiscretions, to implore our forgiveness, and to solicit to be received once more into the indulgent bosom of our holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church.' 'Sire,' replied the Bourbon, 'I own that I am in much the same predicament as the unfortunate wight to whom you have likened me. I have, at this moment, more nose than kingdom, more care than coin, more hope than faith, more regard for your majesty than the religion you propose—' 'And more regard for your body than your soul, I fear, my brother,' interrupted Henri III., gravely shaking his head, and telling a bead or two upon his rosary. 'That is to say, he has more regard for his mistresses than his queen,' said Chicot: 'you are right, *compère*. Our Béarnais will never be saved unless the good old faith of the Gentiles comes round again, and new altars are raised, at Cnidos and Paphos, to the goddess he worships.' 'Certes, thou malapert knave, I am a heretic in no creed in which beauty is concerned,' replied the Bourbon, laughing; 'and, amid yon gallery of fair saints, there is not one to whom I would refuse my adoration.' 'I could point out one,' cried the jester. 'I defy thee,' said the Bourbon. 'Your queen!' returned Chicot. Even Henri III. could not help joining in the mirth occasioned by this sally of the jester. 'Ribald!' exclaimed the Bourbon, laughing louder than the rest, 'thy fool's cap alone protects thee from my resentment.' 'My fool's *calotte* is a better defence than many a knight's casque,' answered Chicot; 'for the love I bear her majesty of Navarre, I will exchange it for thine, and throw my *marotte* into the bargain. Thou wilt need both on thy next encounter with Crichton.' 'Wilt thou throw thyself into the bargain, knave,' asked the Bourbon, 'and follow my fortunes?' 'Of a surety, no!' replied the jester: 'that were to quit the master for the valet; the provost for the prisoner; the falconer for the quarry.' '*Pardieu! compère*,' said Henri III., in a tone of railleury, 'art thou so blind to thy own interest as to tarry in our service, when an offer so brilliant is made thee by our brother of Navarre? Bethink thee of the eminence to which thy wisdom and decorum must necessarily promote thee amongst the synods of the Huguenots, and the sage councils of the court of Pau!' 'I never leap in the dark, gossip,' replied Chicot. 'It were the province of a wise man to go in quest of danger: I am a fool, and prefer safe quarters at home.' 'Wholesome advice may be gathered even from the mouth of

fools, you perceive, my brother," said Henri III. "May we now inquire to what fortunate circumstance we owe the unexpected happiness of this visit? We have been singularly misinformed about you, and your proceedings. We are told you are an enemy—we find you our best of friends. We learn that you are at the head of a hostile army, putting our towns and subjects to fire and sword—we find you as blithe companion as ever, and almost unattended. Our last accounts are, that you are barricaded within the walls of Pau, or Nérac; our next are gathered from your own lips within the walls of the Louvre. See how one may be deceived!" "Your majesty is not deceived in my expressions of friendship," replied the Bourbon, cordially. "Will it please you to command your gentlemen to stand further off?" "Excuse us, my brother, if we venture to retain our attendants," replied Henri III. "We are curious to question this bold knave," added he, glancing at Blount. "You may reserve your tale, if you please, for the ear of our confessor, whom you will permit us to recommend, in the hope of accomplishing your conversion." "Your confessor, sire!" ejaculated the Bourbon, knitting his brow. "And at the tail of the priest, the headman," added Chicot. "Ha!" ejaculated the Bourbon. "You will not then fail to profit by his instruction; and, for the third time, get rid of any scruples of conscience," returned Chicot. "The laconic message of his late majesty, Charles IX., to your cousin, Henri of Condé, had other merits besides its conciseness." "What message was that, gossip?" asked Henri III., affecting ignorance. "*Messe, mort ou Bastille!*" replied the jester. "Our Béarnais will remember it by the token, that about the same time he abjured his own Calvinistic heresies." "*Ventre-saint-gris!*" thou scurrilous varlet," cried the Bourbon, fiercely; "if thou darest to push thy mischievous pleasantry further, not even thy own insignificance, nor thy royal master's presence, shall prevent my inflicting due chastisement upon thee." Alarmed by the menacing aspect of the King of Navarre, with a grimace of mixed terror and defiance, Chicot, like a snarling cur, apprehensive of the heels of a noble steed he has annoyed beyond endurance, now turned tail, and retreated to the protection of his master, who was secretly delighted with this specimen of his skill in the "art of ingeniously tormenting." "Since you decline answering our inquiries respecting the motive of your visit, my brother," said Henri III., in his blandest accents, "we will not press the point. But we trust you will not object to remaining near our person till we return to the banquet?" "Your majesty has only to command me." "And, as you have no attendants excepting the Baron de Rosni, we give you your choice of six of our own gentlemen, who will continue constantly by your side." "I understand your majesty. I am a prisoner." "I said not so, my brother. Choose your attendants." "My choice is readily made, sire. I shall name but one—the Chevalier Crichton. I leave the nomination of the others to him." "*Fœnum habet in cornu,*" muttered Chicot: "a vittol's choice!" "You could not have made a better election," observed Henri III., with a smile. "I think not," said the Bourbon. "I am sure not," added Chicot: "forgiveness becomes a Christian prince. Madame Marguerite will highly applaud your generosity and placability." "Peace, droll!" said Henri III. "And now, my brother," continued he, in the same homely tone which he had previously adopted, and which, by those who knew him,

was more dreaded than the most violent burst of indignation,—as the jousts are at an end, and you will have no further occasion for it, we entreat you to resign your sword to the custody of him whom you have appointed your principal attendant." "My sword, sire!" exclaimed the Bourbon, recoiling. "Your sword, my brother," repeated Henri III., blandly. The King of Navarre looked around. On all sides he was invested by danger. The whole circle of the area in which he stood bristled with pikes and spears. Above the halberds of the Swissers rose the javelins of the Scottish guards; and above the javelins of the Scots gleamed the long lances of D'Epernon's gallant Gascon troop. Here was stationed a company of archers—there a band of arquebussiers. On the right were arrayed the youthful nobles, under the command of the Vicomte de Joyeuse, ready to be distinguished by their gorgeous appparelling and fluttering pennons; on the left was drawn out the sumptuous retinue of the Duc de Nevers. Nor was this all: a nearer circle of the king's body-guard encompassed him. Every hand was upon a sword-hilt—every glance fixed upon him. As he carelessly noted all this hostile preparation, the Bourbon turned towards his counsellor, Rosni, who stood leaning upon the handle of his sword immediately behind him. Not a word—not a sign was exchanged between them; but the monarch understood the meaning of the cold stern look of his counsellor. At this moment the rolling of drums, mingled with the sound of other martial instruments, was heard from the outer courts of the palace. "Hark! the tambour!" exclaimed Henri III., "fresh troops have entered the Louvre." "By your command, sire?" asked the Bourbon, in a tone of displeasure. "Our subjects are careful of our safety," answered Henri III. evasively. "They ought to be so, sire," replied the Bourbon: "your majesty has well earned their love; and when were the people of France ungrateful? But against whom are all these precautions taken? Is the Louvre in a state of siege, or have the bourgeois of your good city of Paris broken into revolt?" "No, my brother, our good city is at present free from faction or tumult; and it is our intention (with the aid of Heaven!) to maintain its tranquillity undisturbed." "You cannot suppose that I would be the instigator of disorder, sire," said the Bourbon. "I have drawn the sword to protect the rights of my people, and to uphold their persecuted creed—not to wage war upon your majesty. On any terms which shall secure to my subjects the immunities and religious toleration they seek, I will, at once, enter into a compact of truce with your majesty, and place myself in your hands as a hostage for the due observance of its conditions." "Sire!" exclaimed Rosni, grasping his sovereign's arm, "each word you utter is a battle lost." "Your majesty will not now suspect me of disloyalty," continued the Bourbon, disregarding the interruption. "We suspect nothing, my brother—nothing whatever," said Henri III. hastily; "but we will sign no truce, enter into no compact, which shall favour, or appear to favour, the dissemination of heresy and sedition. To tolerate such a faith were to approve it. And we would rather command a second Saint-Barthélemi—rather imitate the example of our brother, Philip II. of Spain, or pursue the course pointed out to us by our cousin of Guise and the messieurs of the League, than in any way countenance a religion so hateful to us. We are too good a Catholic for that, my brother. Our reign has been (for our sins!) disturbed by three great troubles: our brother

of Anjou and his faction; the Balafré and his leaguers; you and your friends of the reform."

We are sorry that our limits prevent us from quoting the whole of this historically correct and characteristic scene; but we must be content with giving a few examples of the admirable versions of Crichton's poetical compositions, as rendered into English by our author. Like the lyrics of "Rookwood," they add lustre to the prose in which the tale of interest is told.

"The Thirty Requisites."

Thirty points of perfection each judge understands,
The standard of feminine beauty demands.
Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know
That the skin, hands, and teeth, should be pearly as snow.
Three black:—and our standard departure forbids
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly fringed lids.
Three red:—and the lover of comeliness seeks
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.
Three long:—and of this you, no doubt, are aware?
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.
Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears—
Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.
Three large:—and remember this rule as to size,
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.
Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste—
Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.
Three round: and in this I see infinite charms—
Rounded fulness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.
Three fine:—and can aught the enchantment eclipse,
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?
Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—
Small head, nose, and bosom compact in its mould.
Now the dame who comprises attractions like these,
Will need not the cestus of Venus to please:
While he who has met with an union so rare,
Has had better luck than has fall'n to my share."

"The Three Orgies."

In banquet hall, beside the king,
Sat proud Thyestes, revelling.
The festal board was covered fair,
The festal meats were rich and rare;
Thyestes ate full daintily,
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?
But soon his haughty visage fell—
A dish was brought—and, wo to tell!
A gory head that charger bore!
An infant's look the features wore!
Thyestes shrieked—King Atreus smiled—
The father had devoured his child!
Fill the goblet—fill it high—
To Thyestes' revelry.
Of blood-red wines the brightest choose,
The glorious grape of Syracuse!

For a victory obtained,
O'er the savage Gete chained,
In his grand Casarean hall,
Domitian holds his festival.
To a solemn feast besought,
Thither are the senate brought.
As he joins the stately crowd,
Smiles each grave patrician proud.
One by one each guest is seated,
Where Domitian's feast is spread;
Each, recoiling, stares aghast
At the ominous repast:
Round about of blackest shade
Black trichina are laid,
Sable vases deck the board
With dark-coloured viands stored;
Shaped like tombs, on either hand,
Rows of dusky pillars stand;
O'er each pillar in a line,
Pale sepulchral lychni shine;
Cinerary urns are seen,
Carved each with a name, I ween.
By the sickly radiance shewn
Every guest may read his own!
Forth then issue swarthy slaves,
Each a torch and dagger waves;
Some like manes habited,
Figures ghastly as the dead!
Some as lemmets attired,
Larvæ some, with vengeance fired.
See the throat of every guest
By a murderous gripe is preat!
While the wretch, with horror dumb,
Thinks his latest hour is come!
Loud then laugh'd Domitian,
Thus his solemn fast began.
Fill the goblet—fill it high—
To Domitian's revelry.
Let our glowing goblet be
Crown'd with wine of Sicily!

Borgia holds a papal fête,
And Zizime, with heart elate,
With his chiefs barbarian
Seeks the gorgeous Vatican.
'Tis a wondrous sight to see
In Christian hall that company!
But the Ottoman warriors soon
Scout the precepts of Mahoun,

Wines of Sicily and Spain,
 Joyously those paynims drain;
 'White Borgia's words their laughter stir.
 * *Bibinus papalter!* "
 At a signal—pages three,
 With gold goblets bend the knee:
 Borgia pours the purple stream
 Till beads upon its surface gleam.
 'Do us reason, noble guest,
 Thus Zizime, the pontiff priest:
 'By our triple-crown there lies,
 In that wine-cup Paradise!—
 High Zizime the goblet raised—
 Loud Zizime the Cyprus raised—
 To each guest in order slow,
 Next the felon pages go,
 Each in turn the Cyprus quaffs,
 Like Zizime, each wildly laughs,—
 Laughter horrible and strange!
 Quick ensues, a fearful change,
 Stuffed soon is every cry,
 Azrael is standing by.
 Glared Zizime—but spake no more:
 Borgia's fatal feast was o'er!
 'Fill the goblet—fill it high—
 'With the wines of Italy;
 'Borgia's words our laughter stir—
 * *Bibinus papalter!* "
 "The Sced of Bynard.

'A boon I crave, my Bayard brave:—'twas thus King
 Francis spoke, [stroke]
 'The field is won, the battle done, yet deal one other
 For, by this light! to dub us knight, none worthy is as
 thou, [peer we trow,
 Whom nor reproach, nor fear approach, of price or
 'Sire! said the knight, 'you judge not right, who owns
 a kingdom fair, [he share]
 'Neath his command all knights do stand—no service can
 'Nay! by our fay! the King did say, 'lo! at thy feet we
 kneel, [steel]
 Let silken rules sway tiltyard schools, our laws are hereof
 With gracious mien did Bayard then, his sword draw from
 his side; [knight, he cried.
 'By God! Saint Michael! and Saint George! I dub thee
 'Arise, good knight! weal may this bring—such grace on
 thee confer,
 As erst from blow of Charles did flow, Roland or Oliver!
 With belted blade the king arrayed—the knight the spur
 applied, [supplied—
 And then his neck with chain did deck—and accolade
 'Do thy devoir at ghostly choir—muntain high courtesie,
 And from the fray in war's array, God grant thou never
 flee!
 'Certes, good blade,' then Bayard said, his own sword
 waving high,
 'Thou shalt, perdie, as relic be preserved full carefully!
 Right fortunate art thou, good sword, a king so brave to
 knight! [my sight,
 And with strong love, all arms above, rest honoured in
 And never more, as heretofore, by Christian chivalry.
 My trenchant blade, shalt thou be rayed, or e'er enlar-
 ged be!
 For paynim foes reserve thy blows—the Saracen and Moor
 Thine edge shall smite in bitter fight, or merciless estour!
 Years since that day have rolled away, and Bayard hurt
 to death, [breath]
 'Neath gray Reiver's walls outstretch'd, exhales his latest
 On Heaven he cried, or ere he died—but cross had none, I
 wist, [he kissed.
 Save that good sword-hilt cruciform, which with pale lips
 Knight! whom reproach could ne'er approach, no name
 like unto thine, [scroll shall shine!
 With honour bright, unadorned, white, on Fame's proud
 But, were it not to mortal loss denied by grace divine,
 Should Bayard's breath, and Bayard's death, and his good
 sword be mine!"

"Dirge of Bourbon,
 When the good Count of Nassau
 Saw Bourbon lie dead,
 'By Saint Barbe and Saint Nicholas!
 Forward!' he said.

'Mutter never prayer o'er him,
 For litter ne'er halt;
 But sound loud the trumpet—
 Sound, sound to assault!

'Bring engine—bring ladder,
 'You old walls to scale;
 All Rome, by Saint Peter!
 For Bourbon shall wait."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDUCATION: CHINA.

The two following documents have been lately received by the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, the chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, from a very intelligent corresponding member of that Society in China, and laid by Sir Alexander before the committee as a decided proof of the moral and political importance at the present moment of the College established at

Malacca, in affording to the Chinese the means of improving their understandings, and acquiring a knowledge of European civilisation, science, and literature, and thereby bringing about a gradual change in the moral, political, and commercial opinions of that extraordinary people. The first document contains an account of a young Chinese gentleman who was educated at the College of Malacca, and who is understood now to hold a high office, and to command great influence at Peking by the superiority of his understanding, and his knowledge of European languages. The second is a project which is supposed to have been, in the first instance, suggested by the gentleman who has just been mentioned, and which is now under the consideration of the Chinese government, for the abolition of the penal edicts which have long prevailed in China against the importation of opium, and for declaring legal, in future, the importation into China of that valuable article of commerce upon the payment of a fixed duty.

First; from our Canton Correspondent.

Sham-teh went to Peking in 1828, in consequence of a requisition being sent to Canton for a Chinese capable of translating from other languages into Chinese. I have made very particular inquiry about him from an American gentleman who was at the Malacca College with him, and for some time—indeed, the whole time he was there—lived in the same room with him. Sham-teh left China at about the age of fourteen. He was a native of, and was for some time under the charge of the Catholic missionaries at Penang, where and when he learned Latin. He afterwards went to the Malacca College to study, and was perfectly destitute of every thing when he got there. The college library was assigned to him as a dormitory: there, also, was the American gentleman. The description this American gives of him is, that he was very proud, and would never admit the inferiority of his country in any thing;—that he was very ambitious and industrious in acquiring knowledge, even to such an extent that he never left his room, but passed all the hours which the other youths at the college lost in amusement, in reading; for which, being in the library, he had every opportunity. He soon learned English very well, and, when he went to Peking, could speak it perfectly. He was well informed in the geography, commerce, statistics, and government, of most civilised nations. Mathematics and arithmetic, however, appear to have been his favourite study. After having passed two years and upwards at Malacca, he came to Canton, where he luckily happened to be at the time the order came from Peking for an interpreter; and in 1828 he went there. Two years afterwards he wrote a very good letter, in English, to his friend, the American, and told him he had been much employed in translating for the Russians;—that he had had bestowed upon him the button of the fifth highest rank in the empire, and received a salary of about 8000 taels a-year (about 25000*l.*). He requested that some English books might be sent to him (Euclid, amongst others), pointing out how it was to be done so as not to attract suspicion.

Sham-teh, while he was at Malacca, translated some book—an account of China, by a missionary—from Latin into Chinese; for which he was handsomely remunerated by some gentlemen who took an interest in the Malacca College. He speaks and writes English perfectly; the former, with rather a Scotch accent.

Memorial to the Emperor proposing to Legalise the Importation of Opium.

Hen Naetze, the president of the sacrificial court, presents the following memorial in regard to opium, to shew that the more severe the interdicts against it are made, the more widely do the evils arising from it spread, and that it is right urgently to request, that a change be made in the arrangements respecting it; to which end he earnestly entreats his sacred majesty to cast a glance hereon, and to issue secret orders for a faithful investigation of the subject.

I would humbly represent, that opium was originally ranked among medicines; its qualities are stimulant; it also checks excessive secretions, and prevents the evil effects of noxious vapours. In the herbal, written by Le She-chin of the Thing dynasty, it is called *Afooying*. But when one has been long habituated to inhaling, it is necessary to resort to it at regular intervals, and the use of it becoming inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life. When used in great excess, the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the countenance sallow, the teeth black, the individual himself, though clearly seeing its evil effects, cannot refrain from it. It is, indeed, indispensably necessary to enact severe prohibitions, in order to eradicate so vile a practice.

On inquiry I find that there are three kinds of opium. One is called Company's, the outer covering of which is black; whence it is also called Black Earth: it comes from Bengal. A second kind is called White Skin, and comes from Bombay. The third kind is called Red Skin, and comes from Madras. These are all places belonging to the English.

In Keen-lung's reign, as well as previously, opium was inserted in the tariff of Canton as a medicine, subject to a duty of three taels per hundred cuties, with an additional charge of two taels, four mace, and five cundarnes, under the name of charge, per package. After this it was first made contraband. In the first year of Keu-king, those found guilty of smoking opium were subject only to the punishments of the pillory and the bamboo. Now, they have become, in the course of time, liable to the severest penalties; transportation, in various degrees; and death, after the ordinary period of continuance in prison. Yet the smokers of the drug have increased in number, and the practice has spread through almost the whole empire.

In Keen-lung's and the previous reigns, when opium passed through the custom-house, and paid a duty, it was given into the hands of Hong merchants in exchange for tea, and other goods. But, at the present time, the commands of government being most strict against it, none dare openly to exchange goods for it; but all secretly purchase it with money. In the reign of Keu-king, there arrived, it may be, some hundred chests annually. The number has now increased to 20,000 chests, containing each 100 cuties. The black earth, which is the best, sells for about 800 dollars foreign money per chest; the white skin, which is next in quality, for about 600 dollars; and the last, or red skin, for about 400 dollars. The total quantity sold during the year amounts, then, in value, to ten and some odd millions of dollars; so that, reckoning the dollar at seven mace standard weight of silver, the annual waste of money somewhat exceeds ten millions of taels.

Formerly, the barbarian merchants brought foreign money to China, which being paid in

exchange for goods, was a source of pecuniary advantage to the people of all the sea-bound provinces. But, latterly, the barbarian merchants have sold opium for money payments, which has rendered it unnecessary for them still to import silver. Thus, the foreign money has been going out of the country, while none returns.

During two centuries the government has now maintained peace; and, by fostering the people, has abundantly promoted the increase of wealth and opulence among them. With joy we witness the economical rule of our august sovereign—an example to the whole empire. Most right is it that yellow gold should be common as the dust; but, in all past times, a tael of pure silver has exchanged for nearly about 1000 coined cash: while, of late years, the same sum has borne the value of 1200, or 1300 cash, and the price of silver rises, but never falls. In the salt agency, the price of salt is paid in cash, while the duties are paid in silver, and the salt merchants have all become deeply involved, so that the state of their trade is abject in the extreme. To what is this owing but to the unnoticed oozing out of silver? If the easily exhaurible stores of the central spring go to fill up the wide and fathomless gulf of the outer seas, the gradual progress, from day to day and from month to month, will reduce us to a state of which I cannot bear to speak.

Is it proposed entirely to cut off the foreign trade, and thus to remove the root and dam up the source of the evil? The celestial dynasty, indeed, would not hesitate to relinquish the few millions of duties arising therefrom. But the nations of the west have had a general market open to them for upwards of a thousand years; and of these, the English alone are dealers in opium. It would be wrong, for the sake of cutting off the English trade, to cut off that of all the other nations. Besides, the hundreds of thousands of people living on the sea-coast depend wholly on trade for their livelihood; and how are they to be disposed of? Moreover, the barbarian ships, when on the high seas, can proceed to any island that may be selected as an entrepôt, and the native sea-going vessels can meet them there, so that, to cut off the trade is impracticable. Of late years the foreign vessels have visited all the ports of Fuh-keen, Che-keang, and Shan-tung, even to Teen-tsin and Munchouria, for the purpose of selling opium; and, although at once expelled by the local authorities, yet it is rumoured that the quantity sold by them was not small. Thus, it appears that, though the commerce of Canton should be put an end to, yet it will not be possible to prevent the clandestine introduction of merchandise.

Is it said that the daily increase of opium is owing to the negligence of officers in enforcing the interdicts? The laws and enactments are the means which extortionate underlings and worthless vagrants employ to benefit themselves: and the more minute the laws are, the greater and more numerous are the bribes paid to the extortionate underlings, and the more crafty are the schemes of pettifogging worthless vagrants. In the 1st year of Tuouk-wang, Yeu Zenn, then governor of Kwang-tung and Kwang-se, proceeded, with all the vigour of the law, against Ye Hung-shoo, the proprietor of an opium establishment at Maeno. The consequence was, that foreigners, having no one with whom to place their opium, proceeded to Sinton to sell it. This place is within the precincts of the provincial government, and has, on all sides, a free communication by

water. Here are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which the opium is kept, and which are therefore called receiving ships. At Canton, there are brokers of the drug, who are called "melters." These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are conveying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called "fast crabs," and "scrambling dragons." They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as though they were wings to fly with. All the custom-house and military posts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue. The late Governor Loo, on one occasion, having directed the commodore, Hin Yuechang, to cooperate with Teen Poo, the district magistrate of Heang Shan, they captured Leang Heen-nee, with a boat containing opium to the amount of 14,000 catties. The number of men killed and taken prisoners amounted to several scores. He likewise inflicted the penalty of the laws on the criminals Yaou-ken and Owk-wan (both of them being brokers), and confiscated their property. Thus, it appears that faithfulness in the enforcement of the law is not wanting; and yet the practice cannot be checked. The dread of the laws is not so great on the part of the people as is the anxious desire of gain, which incites them to all manner of crafty devices: so that sometimes, indeed, the law is rendered wholly ineffective.

There are, also, both on the rivers and at sea, banditti, who, under pretence of acting under the orders of government, and of being sent to search after and prevent the smuggling of opium, seek thereby opportunities for plundering. When I was lately placed in the service of your majesty, as acting judicial commissioner at Canton, cases of this nature were very frequently reported. Out of these arose a still greater number of cases, in which money was extorted for the ransom of plundered property. Thus, an innumerable multitude of innocent people were involved in suffering. All these wide-spread evils have arisen since the interdict against opium was published.

It will be found, on inquiry, that the smokers of opium are idle, lazy vagrants, having no useful purpose before them, and being quite unworthy of regard—or even of contempt: and, though there are smokers to be found, who have overstepped the threshold of age, yet do they not attain to the long life of other men. But new births are daily increasing the population of the empire, and there is no cause to apprehend a diminution therein: while, on the other hand, we cannot adopt, too late or too early, precautions against the annual waste which is taking place of the resources—the very substance of China. Now, to close our ports against all trade will not answer; and laws issued against opium, in particular, are quite inoperative. The only method left is, to revert to the former system; to permit barbarian merchants to import opium, paying duty thereon as a medicine; and to require that, after having passed the custom-house, it shall be delivered to the Hong merchants, only in exchange for merchandise—that no money shall be paid for it. The barbarians, finding that the amount of duty to be paid on it is less than what is now spent in bribes, will, also, gladly comply herein. Foreign money should be placed on the same footing with Syu silver;

and the exportation of it equally prohibited. Offenders, when caught, should be punished by the entire destruction of the opium they may have, and the confiscation of the money that may be found with them.

With regard to officers, civil and military, and to the scholars and common soldiers, the first are called on to fulfil the duties of their rank, and attend to the public good; the others to cultivate their talents, and thus fit themselves for public usefulness. None of these, therefore, must be permitted to contract a practice so bad, or to walk in a path which will lead only to the utter waste of their time and destruction of their property. If, however, the laws enacted against the practice be made too severe, the result will be mutual connivance. It becomes my duty, then, to request that it be enacted, that any officer, scholar, or soldier, found guilty of secretly smoking opium, shall be immediately dismissed from public employ, without being made liable to any other penalty. In this way, lenity will become, in fact, severity towards them. And, further, that if any superior, or general officer, be found guilty of knowingly and wilfully conniving at the practice among his subordinates, such officer shall be subjected to a court of inquiry: lastly, that no regard be paid to the purchase and use of opium on the part of the people generally.

Does any suggest a doubt, that to remove the existing prohibitions will detract from the dignity of government? I would ask, if he is ignorant that the pleasures of the table, and of the nuptial couch, may also, by indulgence, be rendered injurious to health? Nor are the invigorating drugs, *footsye* and *woolton*, devoid of poisonous qualities. Yet it had never been heard that any one of these has been interdicted. Besides, the removal of the prohibitions refers only to the vulgar and common people; those who have no official duties to perform. So long as the officers of government, the scholars, and the military, are not included, I see no detriment to the dignity of government; and, by allowing the proposed importation and exchange of the drug for other commodities, more than ten millions of money will annually be prevented from flowing out of the central land. On which side, then, is the gain? on which the loss? It is evident at a glance. But, if we still idly look back, and delay to retrace our steps, foolishly paying regard to a mere empty matter of dignity, I humbly apprehend that, when, eventually, it is proved impossible to stop the importation of opium, it will then be found that we have waited too long, that the people are impoverished, their wealth departed. Should we then begin to turn round, we shall find that reform comes too late.

Though but a servant of no value, I have, by your majesty's condescending favour, been raised from a subordinate censorship to various official stations, both at court and in the provinces, and filled, on one occasion, the chief judicial office in the region south of the great mountains (Kwang-tung.) Ten years, spent in earnest endeavours to make some return, have produced no fruit; and I find myself overwhelmed with shame and remorse: but, with regard to the great advantages or great evils of any place where I have been, I have never failed to make particular inquiries. Seeing that the prohibitions now in force against opium serve but to increase the prevalence of the evil, and that there is no one found to represent the facts directly to your majesty, and feeling assured that I am myself thoroughly acquainted with the real state of things, I dare

no longer forbear to let them reach your majesty's ear. Prostrate, I beg, my august sovereign, to give secret instructions to the governor and lieutenant-governor of Kwang-tung, together with superintendent of maritime customs, that they faithfully investigate the character of the above statements, and that, if they find them really correct, they speedily prepare a list of regulations adopted to a change in the system, and present the same for your majesty's final decision. Perchance this may be found adequate to stop further oozing out, and to enrich the national resources.

With awe and trembling fear beyond expression do I reverently present this memorial, and await your majesty's commands.

Document from the Council at Peking to the Government of Canton, including the preceding.

The following document was received on the 2d July from the grand council of ministers, at Peking, addressed to "Tung, governor of the two Kwang, and Ke, lieutenant-governor of Kwang-tung, by whom it is to be enjoined, also, on the Hoppe-Wan:—

"On the 29th of the 4th month (12th June, 1836), the following imperial edict was given to us:—

"Hen Naetse, vice-president of the Sacrificial Court, has presented a memorial in regard to opium, representing that the more severe the interdicts against it are made, so much the more widely do the evils arising from it spread; and that, of late years, the barbarians, not daring openly to give it in barter for other commodities, have been in the habit of selling it clandestinely for money; thus occasioning an annual loss to the country, which he estimates at above ten millions of taels. He, therefore, requests that a change be made in regard to it, permitting it to be again introduced, and given in exchange for other commodities. Let Tung Ting-ching deliberate with his colleagues on the subject, and then report to us. Let a copy of the original memorial be made for their perusal, and sent with this edict to Tung Ting-ching and He-Kung, who are to enjoin it also on Wan. Respect this.

"In obedience hereto, we, the ministers of the grand council, transmit the inclosed."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW in the chair.—Two papers were read. The first was Capt. Alexander's report of his journey from Clan William, visit to Red Wall Bay and Orange River Mouth, and return to Kamiesberg, whence the letter is dated, Nov. 12, 1836. Though this communication does not contain much to interest the general reader, it bears ample testimony of the intrepidity and conciliatory manners of our gallant countryman; and we are happy to see, from an order, dated Head Quarters, Cape Town, Sept. 8, 1836, that the commander-in-chief had expressed his high sense of Capt. Alexander's meritorious services, as well in the field during the active operations of the last year, as since, in the duty of private secretary to the commander-in-chief, which he most assiduously

* Sir Alexander Johnston, at the time he submitted these documents to the committee, stated, that the moral and political importance of the College of Malacca appears to him, from letters which he has received from various quarters in the East, to be so great, that he shall feel it his duty to lay before them several other documents upon that subject written by Sir George Staunton, to whose knowledge of China, and to whose munificent donations this college is so much indebted, together with such an account of the nature and objects of the institution, as may shew the British government the necessity of affording it the most efficient patronage.

discharged, and with equal judgment and ability. The second communication read was on that part of India watered by the Indus, and called Sinde. The paper is by that indefatigable and intelligent traveller, Lieut.—now, we are happy to learn—Capt. Burnes. We pass over the geographical distribution of the Sinde, its geological features, and its ancient history, and come to the more important—certainly more interesting—portion, that which relates to the present state of its people, their religion, politics, &c. The government of Sinde may be called despotic. Its rulers, the Ameers, are restrained by no laws, though they pretend to abide by the dicta of the Koran in their administration of justice. There are no officers, such as Cazees or Moolahs, who exercise, independent, their functions, or receive their patronage and encouragement. Syuds and Fakcers are, however, respected to veneration; the one, as being descended from the line of the prophet; the other, as following, or as pretending to follow, a life of great austerity. Many of the fakcers are, without doubt, virtuous men; but the great bulk are hypocritical fanatics. The universal respect shewn to them seems to have corrupted the land. The mendicants in Sinde are more numerous than in any other country in Asia. They can scarcely be called beggars, for they levy tribute in crowds, and by threats, with great arrogance. Many of the common people take to this profitable vocation, which only requires some show of sanctity. This is exhibited in various ways: one of the most common is to sit all night on the house-top and repeat the sacred name of *Ullah* (or God) as many thousand times as the tongue can utter it. In Sinde, religion takes the worst possible turn. It does not soften the disposition of the rulers, or the asperities of the people; it becomes a trade, and its worthless professors degrade it and themselves. To this there is no counteracting effect in the government, which, besides encouraging these worthies, is in itself politically oppressive. Trade and agriculture languish under it. The people have no stimulus to moral rectitude, and yet they are less degraded than might be looked for. They are passionate as well as proud. They have much supple flattery; but this does not deceive in Sinde. If trusted, the Sindian is honest; if believed, he is not false; if kindly treated, he is grateful. In oppression, the Mahomedan and the Hindu appear to be pretty equal sharers. Without political freedom, and with misdirected religious zeal, Sinde cannot boast of the condition of its population. There is no intermediate class between the rulers, their favourite Syuds, and the common people. Some Hindoos are rich; but the mass of the people are poor. Their dress, subdued manners, and filth, all attest it. They have no education; few of them can read; very few write. In physical form they seem adapted for activity; the reverse is their character. Their faculties appear benumbed. Both sexes, Hindoo and Mahomedan, are addicted to "bang," an intoxicating drug made from hemp. They also drink a spirit distilled from rice and dates. Debauchery is universal; and the powers of man are often impaired in early life. They do not seek for other than gross and sensual amusements. People only congregate to visit the tombs of worthies or saints, who are deemed capable of repairing the wasted and decayed body, as well as the soul. They have few social qualifications, and, even in common life, keep up much formal ceremony. There are no healthful exercises among the peasantry, who,

as well as the grandees of the land, lead a life of sloth. To be fat is a distinction. A better government would ameliorate the condition of this people: without it the Sindian and his country will continue in the hopeless and cheerless state here represented. Capt. Burnes reverses the observation of Montesquieu, and says that the mediocrity of their abilities and fortunes is fatal to their private happiness. The effect is also fatal to the public prosperity. It is unnecessary to state, that the sciences are not cultivated in Sinde. The arts, however, exhibit some taste and ingenuity. Leather is better prepared here than in any part of India, and their 'loongees,' or silk-cotton cloths, are rich and beautiful; but the artisan receives no encouragement: the peasant has no reward for his toil. We were informed at the meeting, that Capt. Burnes was about to start on another mission to Cabool, to which he had been appointed by the governor-general, Lord Auckland.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting took place on Thursday afternoon, Mr. Hardisty in the chair. Four thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine persons visited the gardens and museum in February; and a considerable balance in favour of the Society was carried to the account for March. Mr. Yarrell liberally consented to officiate as secretary gratuitously; an assistant was appointed to Mr. Yarrell. We give the substance of a letter, addressed to the secretary by Mr. Mackay, the British vice-consul at Maracibo, and a corresponding member of the society. The letter describes the habits of a vulture (*cultur papa*, Linn.), which was forwarded to the Society, for the menagerie, but which, unfortunately, died during the voyage. After noticing the peculiar habit attributed to these birds (which frequently congregate to the number of three hundred), of paying deference to an individual, differing from the rest in plumage, and to which the inhabitants give the title of king, the writer states, that these birds in their flights ascend to such a height as to be lost sight of, and from their elevation discover their prey. They reside in the savannas of a warm and dry temperature, and their travels do not extend beyond five or six leagues from the place where they are bred. They lay their eggs, and hatch their young, in the small concavities of the mountains. At a distance from towns, villages, and frequented roads, they generally assemble in large bodies; but in the immediate vicinity of such situations the king never deigns to associate with his vassals.—The following facts were related by Mr. Gray, in reference to the habits of a *cuckoo*; which appear to prove, that the female, though she leaves the eggs to be hatched by another bird, sometimes at least takes care of the young bird, and feeds it after it leaves its nest, and teaches it to fly. Mr. Gray expresses some doubt respecting the eggs of cuckoos being laid in the nest of granivorous birds; and stated an instance, where a chicken had been hatched under a pigeon, that the pigeon neglected it when it found that it would not eat the soaked peas, and, eventually, ejected it from the nest.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Thursday, Dr. Macreight, vice-president, in the chair, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Donations of plants, from Dundee, &c., were presented by W. H. White, Esq. Some members were elected and others proposed. A paper was read by Mr. Meeson, on the "Classification of Vegetables,"

which led to an interesting discussion, after which the meeting adjourned for a fortnight.

MR. CROSSE'S DISCOVERIES.

Royal Institution, 2d March, 1837.

My dear Sir,—Several of the papers, in reporting what I said relative to Mr. Crosse's insects, at the Royal Institution, on the evening of Friday the 17th ult., make me to confirm that gentlemen's results by particular experiments of my own. Your reporter (if then present) will know that I expressly said, we had no opinion to offer as to their origin. Can you oblige me by stating this in your *Gazette*, either in your words or mine, or in any way that shall remove the idea that I am a witness in the case? I am satisfied the insects exist, but doubt very much the mode of production.—Ever, dear Sir, very truly yours,
M. FARADAY.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 23d February.—The following degrees were conferred:
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. E. J. Parker, Fellow of Pembroke College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. L. P. Dykes, Taberdar of Queen's College; E. Thornton, Student of Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Pennefather, Balliol College; T. Hussey, Brasenose College; H. R. Surtees, St. Mary Hall; Rev. R. Jackson, Pembroke College; incorporated from Clare Hall, Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, 22d February.—The following degrees were conferred:

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord A. Hervey, Trinity College, sixth son of the Marquess of Bristol.
Masters of Arts.—A. L. Mansfield, Trinity College; W. Pullen, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Blandy, Trinity College; F. L. Oiler, Catharine Hall; H. T. Dowler, Magdalene College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The Earl of Aberdeen in the chair.—Sir F. Palgrave communicated a drawing and description of a large engraved onyx, inserted in the cover of a MS. copy of the Gospels, presented by Charlemagne to the Monastery of St. Maximin, near Treves. Sir Henry Ellis communicated an account, or report, written in 1612, and preserved in the British Museum, on the Province of Connaught, the Irish chieftains, and principal families, and on the state of the harbours, which appear to have then been in a neglected and unprotected state: part of which being read, the remainder was postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Russell Institution, 8 P.M. (Mr. Goadby on Insect Anatomy with the Hydrogen Microscope; and 13th.)

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (Dr. Haslam on the Human Mind); Architectural Society (Essay, by Mr. A. W. Hakewill.)

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund (Annual Election), 3 P.M.; Literary Fund Club, 5½ P.M.; Medic-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Western Literary, 8½ (Dr. Lardner on Astronomy, and two ensuing Thursdays); Islington Literary (Mr. T. Cromwell on the Archaeology of the British Islands.) Royal Institution (Mr. Wilkinson on Bronze, and on various combinations of iron and steel, to produce the varieties called Damascus.)

Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY. [Fifth and concluding notice.]

261. *The Bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth, painted for the Royal Hospital, Greenwich*. G. Chambers.—Battles by water, as well as by land, have undergone a great change in

the manner of their representation since the times of Serres, Paton, &c. They have now less of the geometrical, and more of the picturesque. As a work of art, this does great credit to the talents of Mr. Chambers. It reminds us of the destructive effects of the "Leviathans afloat," described by the poet as "like a hurricane eclipse of the sun." Perhaps there never was a warlike enterprise, the results of which were so gratifying to humanity as the bombardment of Algiers.—234. *An American Packet running for Swansea Harbour*, by the same artist, is one of those spirited examples in marine art which convey a perfect idea of motion.

398. *Venice*. J. Holland.—We do not think the quotation from Byron at all applicable to this enchanting scene, this fairy vision of animation and gaiety. There is no indication that the dethroned queen of the Adriatic, however she may have abated of the pomp of her regal days, is about to

"Sink, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose."

350. *Le Bonnet Rouge, in imitation of Tennyson*. W. Kidd.—It is not judicious to provoke comparisons. Whatever may be the case in other respects, however, in humour and pathos Mr. Kidd excels the celebrated Flemish painter; as witness 363, *Mike Smith*, and 262, *The Wreck of a Slave*.

346. *Scene on the Lake of Zurich*. A. G. Vickers.—It is but to look at the present performance, and to recollect others in which the talents of this able artist have been manifested, to join in the general regret that he should have so soon been snatched from us. His practice was, in every way, calculated to do credit to the British school.

438. *The Departure*. A. Johnston.—Represents a frequent occurrence in domestic life; although it does not always take place under circumstances of such striking and various interest. The picture is painted in a fine, broad, fluent style.

278. *The Fisherman's Proposal*. A. Fraser.—There is so much of honesty, manliness, and good temper, in the popper of the question, that no one can doubt it will be answered by the amiable monosyllable "yes." As a subject, the incident pleases the imagination; as a work of art, it pleases the eye.

263. *Fruit Piece*. G. Lance.—Of the painted fruit that deceived the birds, and is, therefore, recorded in the history of ancient art, we can know nothing; but it must have been extraordinary, indeed, if it could boast a more perfect resemblance to nature than is to be found in this and other works by Mr. Lance; or in 23, *Peaches*, and 24, *Mouse and Filberts*, A. J. Oliver, A.R.A.

138. *Trial of Rebecca*. H. Andrews.—With the exception of Shakspeare, no writer has furnished a greater number of subjects for the pencil than Scott. The trial of Rebecca, with its concomitant incidents and accessories, has been very successfully depicted by Mr. Andrews. The dungeon-like gloom of the vaulted chamber, and its characteristic architecture, accord with the transaction, and excite a powerful interest for the intended victim.

In further illustration of our observations on the diversity of style in the British school of landscape, we point out the following examples: 224. *The Ford—Break of Day*. F. C. Lewis.—248. *On the Coast of Wicklow*. T. Creswick.—245. *View on the Banks of the Thames, near Putney*. C. Deane.—51. *The Tuileries and Chamber of Deputies*, and 52. *Château de Versailles*. G. Hilditch.—251. *Distant View of*

the Reculvers Church, from Herne Bay. J. Tenuant.—89. *Scene on the Rhine, between Dassel and Nimeguen*. P. H. Rogers.—35. *A Scene on Walthamstow Heath*. C. R. Stanley.—55. *Entrance into Oxford, by High Street*. J. M. Ince.—84. *A Grove Scene*. E. Childre.—100. *A View of Syracuse*. W. Scrope.—175. *Scene near Borchurch, Isle of Wight*. F. W. Watts, &c. &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Outlines to the Second Part of Goethe's Faust: eleven plates designed and etched by Moritz Retzsch; with explanations in German and English. London, A. Schloss.

EVERY thing that proceeds from the pencil and etching-point of Retzsch must be full of powerful imagination. We confess, however, that we are not so much struck with his illustrations of the second part of Goethe's Faust as we were with those of the first. Nevertheless, they are deeply imbued with the wild, the wonderful, and the unearthly, not unmingled with grace and beauty. Of the former qualities, plates 4, 9, and 10; of the latter, plates 7 and 11, are striking specimens. Plate 6 is a remarkably fine composition.

SKETCHES. METEOROLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

3 Andover Terrace, Cheltenham,
29th February, 1837.

SIR,—I regret to intrude on your valuable time; but, perceiving in your last a letter from Mr. Murphy, in which he points out fourteen periods of storms during this year, I beg to remark, that at nine of those periods I have predicted "storms" or "high winds;" and that on three others I have done so to within two days. I do not wish to imply that Mr. Murphy has borrowed my predictions, but I protest against the fulfilment of them, on those occasions, being taken as proof of Mr. M.'s theory. He will very likely be right on the 5th of March, as there is a square aspect on the night of the 4th between Saturn and Mercury; and the moon will pass the opposition of Mars and Jupiter, both of which tend to disturb the electricity of the atmosphere, and produce high winds. That this is the case, as regards the latter, you may see by a reference to the ten instances which have occurred within the last five months, during which Mars and Jupiter have been close together. You will see that this position of the moon has brought "high winds" eight times out of the ten, and "rain" eight times, also that the hurricane of the 29th November, the great snow on Christmas-day, and the remarkable electrical meteor on the 18th of February, all occurred on the very day of this aspect of the moon to those two planets.

If thoroughly examined, there will be found ample evidence to prove the principle for which I contend; but the application of the principle is another affair. The former may be perfectly true, but the mode of applying it still imperfect. The recent conjunction of the Sun with Herschel has been attended with remarkable increase of cold, as is always the case. The Sun passed Herschel on the 23d; and, from the 19th to the 25th, the minimum of the thermometer at Cheltenham fell ten degrees: I feel sure that your next *Gazette* will shew the like effect at Edmonton. The thermometer was very low here both on the 23d and 26th; on each day we had snow; and on Sunday, the 26th, hard frost: so far I was correct,—Yours, &c. R. P. MORRISON.

P. S.—Unfortunately your printer made three errors in your last observations on my prediction of the weather: for “Hercules,” read “Herschel,” for “the 24th,” read “the 26th,” and for “flooding rains to the end,” read “at the end.”

Account of the Weather on each occasion of the Moon passing the Conjunction or Opposition of Mars and Jupiter, since those Planets have been in conjunction.

1836.
Oct. 18. (Opposition).—Heavy rain.
Nov. 3. (Conjunction).—Heavy rain and sleet.
16. (Oppos.).—High wind; heavy rain.
29. (Conj.).—Heavy rain; violent hurricane.
Dec. 12. (Oppos.).—High wind; heavy rain.
26. (Conj.).—High wind; great snow, all over England, France, &c.
1837.
Jan. 9. (Oppos.).—High wind; rain.
22. (Conj.).—High wind; heavy rain.
Feb. 5. (Oppos.).—High wind at times.
18. (Conj.).—High wind; heavy rain; remarkable meteor at night; violent storm next day.

DRAMA.

Opera.—The opera opened on Saturday with Bellini's *Norma*; the cast is so very inferior to that of last season that to compare would be odious. The only change for the better was Catone *vice* Winter. The great attraction is the new ballet, which is one of the most beautiful we have ever witnessed; it is founded on *Fra Diavolo*, and called the *Brigand of Teracina*, the story being almost the same. Some of the new dancers are most graceful, and the corps de ballet is very strong. Duvernay ranks first: she is enchanting as ever, and two of her new dances are perfectly exquisite. Herminie Elsler, a first appearance, is a beautiful danseuse, and, in the more rapid movements, unrivalled. Montessa is a droll-looking little thing, but a very pretty dancer, notwithstanding. Others are good, and will be found very serviceable; and the ballet is likely to be the magnet till Easter. The *Brigand* is got up in a manner worthy the King's Theatre, in scenery, dresses, &c. &c. The house was filled in every part.

Drury Lane.—Mr. John Barnett's long-expected opera, *Fair Rosamond*, was produced on Tuesday, with, we regret to say, but indifferent effect. By it Mr. Barnett has ranked himself among the able composers of the age, for the music is well constructed and original; but the piece is wondrous long and wondrous heavy. There is a total want of popular relief; and, though musicians may admire, the public cannot. The libretto is below contempt, and the poetry—oh, such poetry! angels could make nothing agreeable of it. H. Phillips and Miss E. Romer, and, indeed, the whole cast embracing the operatic strength of the company, did their utmost, but the end was weariness and dullness.

* And here issue is joined. Saturday, the 25th, was bitterly cold, with touches of snow and hail; Sunday was a fine, clear, frosty day; Monday was colder, but still clear; and Tuesday, clear and frosty, but not so cold. Where, then, were “the flooding rains at the end?” “At the commencement” of March, too, “cold rains or sleet” are predicted; and, up to this date, Friday, 3d, during the little rain which has fallen, the temperature has been increased. To-morrow, Saturday, however, is the prominent 4th, when both Lieut. Murphy and Lieut. Morrison agree there will be a climax. The Meteorological Almanack of the latter says, “About the 4th, very severe cold—easterly winds, with snow, and frosty weather. The new moon (8th) brings cold unsettled weather, with sudden changes. The night of the 7th, the Sun aspects Saturn, which produces much cold. A change, as the Moon enters Aries that night: I expect a sharp frost. 10th and 11th, high winds; changeable.” At any rate, all this is distinct and particular enough; and the time is immediate and short wherein to try the truth of these new (no, not new, but, on other data, renewed) principles of meteorology. Should they prove correct, what horrid injustice will have been done, by the Utilitarians, to Francis Moore, Physician, and his prophetic heirs, executors, and assigns, in the publishing line!—*Ed. L. G.*

VARIETIES.

Ashmolean Society.—Professor White read a paper on Saxon coins. A letter was read from the Rev. James Clutterbuck, detailing the particulars of the locality in which an ancient shield, and some fragments of pottery, both of which were exhibited to the Society, were found. The shield was found in the pool below Day's Lock, near Dorchester, in the gravel below the bottom of the river, on what appeared to have been an ancient bed of the river; and near which, if not exactly on the spot, it appears that a ford formerly existed. There were a Roman station and entrenchments on Sinodun Hill, which is very near. The pottery was some of it found on the surface of the ground, and some in a stratum of gravel, three or four feet below the surface. The shield is 14 inches by 13, and has its surface, with round bosses, arranged in concentric circles, with a large boss in the centre. The metal is, probably, a mixture of copper and tin. Mr. Duncan, and the President of Trinity, spoke on the subject. The former shewed some prints of shields resembling that found, and the latter thought that the workmanship was too rude for the shield to have been a genuine Roman shield. Two papers were read on the subject of the luminous arch seen on Saturday evening, February 18th. Dr. Daubeny read an account, from Mr. Tancered, of an aurora that was seen over a great part of France and the north of Italy, on the 18th of October last. He also shewed a very delicate instrument for measuring very minute variations in temperature.

—*Oxford Herald.*

The Pictorial History of England, No. I. (C. Knight).—This appears to be a history similar, in printing, embellishment, and publication, to the Pictorial Bible, and to be illustrated with numerous woodcuts. The first is a fair specimen; but we will wait a few Nos. in order to ascertain what is meant by the announcement of the work, as “being a history of the people as well as a history of a kingdom;” which, we confess, these eighty pages do not enable us to comprehend. Perhaps, referring to so early a period, they could not differ from other histories.

Pickwick, No. XII. is really so good a No. that we must pay the unfortunate hero a consolatory tribute, on his being cast in heavy damages for breach of promise of marriage. The trial is one of the happiest of Mr. Dickens's efforts, and, though most humorous, no caricature of the mode of getting up cases, badgering witnesses, cajoling and misleading juries, and administering (Heaven save the mark!) the laws of the land. This would have been quite enough for one publication; but to have a characteristic Vellorian Valentine burlesque, and a ludicrously laughable Temperance Branch Society meeting, in the same fasciculus, is a triumph even for Boz.

Bentley's Miscellany.—“*Oliver Twist*,” in No. III., is a marvellously proper continuation of the lot of a workhouse orphan, and does as much honour to the feelings as to the descriptive talents of Boz. Several others of the contributions are very original, and we rejoice to see those of humour sustained by narratives of more solid, and not less entertaining character. On the whole, the *Miscellany* may now be reckoned fairly in the field, among the most successful of its elder contemporaries.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Sketches in the Pyrenees, by the Author of “*Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine*,” “*The Gossip's Week*,”

&c.—Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education, by the Author of “*Hampton in the Nineteenth Century*,” being a supplement to that Work.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Attila, a Novel, by G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of “*The Gypsy*,” &c. 3 vols. roy. 12mo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Crichton, by the Author of “*Rockwood*,” &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—The Monk, by Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Piccola; or, Captivity Captive, by M. de Saintin, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 16s.—T. Bowyer's Tables of Simple Interest, 1 to 8 per cent, square 16mo. 6s.—Memoirs of the Rev. Rowland Hill, by W. Jones, with a Preface, by the Rev. J. Sherman, 1s.—Isidore Brasseur on the Generals of French Nouns, 12mo. 2s.—Letters from the South, by T. Campbell, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—A Familiar Account of Trees, 12mo. 3s.—Sermon on the Commandments, by S. R. Larken, M.A. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, by Sir A. B. Faulkner, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Venables' Interlinear Translation of the First Four Books of Genesis, 2d edit. 12mo. 3s.—Talents Improved; or, the Philanthropist, 4th edit. 3s. 6d.—The Spring, by Robert Mudie, royal 18mo. 5s.—Britannia's Royal Chieftain, a Poem, 4to. 8s. 10s.—A Letter to Lord John Russell on Poor Laws for Ireland, by R. Torrens, 8vo. vel. 4s.—Social Bearings and Importance of Education, by J. Antrobus, 8vo. 10s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 16	From 41 to 55	30.01 to 30.01
Friday ... 17	... 36 ... 50	30.13 ... 30.18
Saturday ... 18	... 27 ... 49	29.98 ... 29.57
Sunday ... 19	... 28 ... 51	29.68 ... 29.19
Monday ... 20	... 34 ... 45	29.37 ... 29.60
Tuesday ... 21	... 39 ... 50	29.43 ... 29.62
Wednesday ... 22	... 32 ... 45	29.75 ... 29.96
Thursday ... 23	... 34 ... 49	29.62 ... 29.33
Friday ... 24	... 34 ... 45	29.60 ... 29.30
Saturday ... 25	... 27 ... 42	29.98 ... 30.10
Sunday ... 26	... 25 ... 41	30.10 ... 30.07
Monday ... 27	... 26 ... 41	29.96 ... 29.88
Tuesday ... 28	... 30 ... 41	29.95 ... 30.09
Wednesday ... 1	... 24 ... 39	30.24 ... 30.31

Winds, W. and S.W.

Except the 20th and 23d, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 1.1 inch.

Aurora Borealis.—On Saturday night last, from 11 till nearly an hour after midnight, we had the most splendid aurora, perhaps, ever witnessed in this latitude; the coruscations were intensely red, and extended, at times, to within a few degrees of the moon, which was not many hours from the opposition.

Winds N. by W. and N.E. Except the 24th, 25th, and morning of the 26th ult., cloudy; rain on the 23d and 28th.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, January 1837.

Thermometer—Highest	59.00	the 23d.
Lowest	14.50	1st.
Mean	39.12701	
Barometer—Highest	30.25	1st.
Lowest	29.90	22d.
Mean	29.6936	

Number of days of rain and snow, 22.
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 3.20125.

Winds—5 North-East—0 East—7 South-East—4 South—3 South-West—2 West—7 North-West—1 North.

General Observations.—During the last thirteen years the thermometer has never before reached to 59 degrees, and only twice in that time, viz. in 1823 and in 1824, has the mean temperature been so high, and only in those years has there been so much rain and melted snow; this proves that humidity and warmth attend each other even at this season of the year. The range of the barometer was small, and the mean was very nearly the same as in the corresponding month of last year; the extreme of cold happened on the night of the 1st, as it did on the night of the 1st of January last year. Snow fell on five different days, but the whole quantity was very little; but once covering the ground to the depth of a quarter of an inch, which soon melted away. At 10 p.m. on the 23d, the thermometer, which stood at 51° at 3 p.m. had risen to 58°, when the whole atmosphere had the appearance of steam, the minimum of the night was 47°.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* We beg to refer our readers to the remarkable document relative to China in a preceding page. It involves the initiation of the greatest change in Chinese policy which has been heard of for a thousand years; and, we trust, shews that education is about to penetrate even that sealed empire, and lead to its moral and social improvement in an unexpected and wonderful degree.

Sir A. Brooke Faulkner's “*Details of a Tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy*,” and Campbell's “*Letters from the South*,” reached us too late for notice this week.

ERRATA.—In last week's *Gazette*, p. 128, col. 2, line 24, from bottom, for “*mass*” read “*map*,” and in same col. line 20 from bottom, for “*Anthoniuss*,” read “*Antoninus*.”

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MUSIC.

VOCAL CONCERTS.—

The Members of the Vocal Society have the satisfaction to announce, that their Royal Patroness, the Duchess of Kent, has been graciously pleased to signify her intention of honouring their Fifth Concert, on Monday Evening next, with her presence. The Selection will comprise the Anthem, "My heart is inditing," Handel; "Ave Maria," Hummel; "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," Mozart; Chorus, "O! the pleasures," Handel; Glee, by Webbe, Collett, H. Cooke, and E. Taylor; and Madrigals, by Wilby and May.

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The Antiquities are now removed from Exeter Hall to Wellington Street, where they are re-arranged with the remaining portion of the Collection, which has just arrived, and will be open for the inspection of the Public To-morrow, and continue on View until the time of Sale.

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